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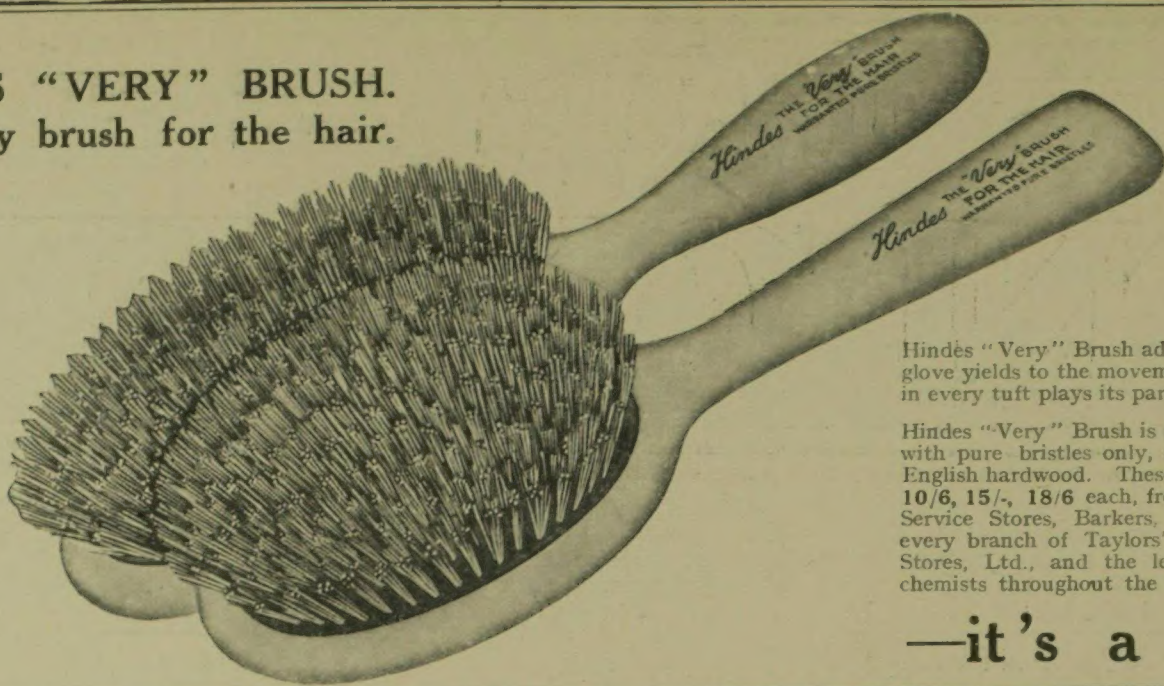
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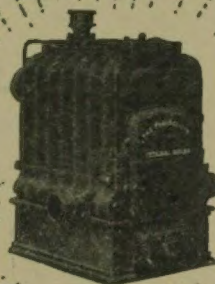
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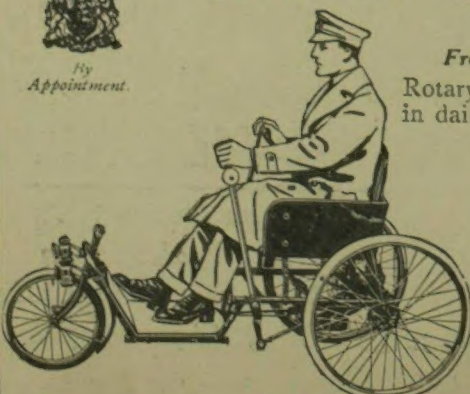
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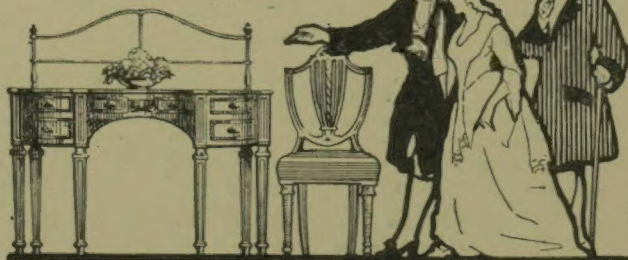
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1924.

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**"HE WELCOMES LITTLE FISHES IN WITH GENTLY SMILING JAWS": THE JEWFISH, WHICH LONDONERS HOPE TO MEET
FACE TO FACE (THROUGH GLASS) AT THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM.**

We publish on several other pages in this number photographs of various fishes in American aquariums, such as Londoners hope to see in the Aquarium to be opened at the "Zoo" on April 7. Here is another handsome fellow, the Jewfish, as shown in a tank at the New York Aquarium. Describing Gulf Stream fish in the Miami Aquarium, Florida, Mr. John Oliver La Gorce writes, in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington): "One of the principal families of fishes in our southern fauna is the sea basses, to which the gigantic Jewfish, the rock fishes,

groupers, hinds, and so forth, belong. These are all fishes which resemble our northern sea bass. They are big-mouthed and voracious species, living for the most part about rocky or uneven bottom, though also swimming out over open stretches of sand. Many are food-fishes of importance. They have leathery mouths, so that when once hooked they are not easily lost. Though well formed and by no means sluggish, they are solitary and sedentary . . . always lurking on the look-out for smaller fishes to come within striking distance."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has been casting doubts on the possibility of presenting the general type of a nation, and especially of the English nation. It is all the more curious, because most of us know and admire Mr. Sinclair Lewis as one who did present a pretty general type of his own nation; or at least of a section of it quite as large as an average nation. But that is a more disputable matter; and I leave it on one side for the moment. Mr. Sinclair Lewis seems to imply that there is no such norm of national unity; and that the notion is an illusion. This is what he says, in criticising Mr. Belloc's book on America.

"When he says the United States is this or that, he pictures all Americans as being approximately alike. Now with Jews, Americans, and such odd distant folk, he may find this simplification easy, but I want Mr. Belloc to write a book called 'The Englishman,' and I want that type-Englishman to include, completely yet without conflict, all of the following: Thomas Hardy, Charles Garvice, Aldous Huxley, Horatio Bottomley, Sidney Webb, Lord Curzon, Jack Jones, Osbert Sitwell, Joe Beckett, Lord Banbury, a Bermondsey publican, a Mayfair butler, a night club professional dancer, a Sheffield iron puddler, a Whitechapel pedlar, a Norfolk farmer, a Cornish fisherman, and a vicar in the Devon hills."

I find it interesting that Mr. Sinclair Lewis should ask somebody to write a book called "The Englishman," because I have long had the purpose of writing it myself—and, indeed, have written some part of it already. And I should ask nothing better than to go steadily through Mr. Sinclair Lewis's list, and show how every single one of those people (with one or two possible examples who might be of the Jewish nation, like the Whitechapel pedlar) is an Englishman, could not be anything else but an Englishman, could not be mistaken for anything else but an Englishman. My book would be a great disappointment to me if it did not manage to show, for instance, that the Mayfair butler and the Bermondsey publican are both as English as they can possibly be. Indeed, in that sense there is no such thing as a butler outside England; and even no such thing as a publican outside England; for a French innkeeper and an American saloon-boss are, for good and evil, totally different things. Anybody comparing the pessimism of Thomas Hardy with the pessimism of Anatole France ought to be able to tell which is the Frenchman. Anybody who may happen to criticise the sentiment of Charles Garvice ought still to see that it is not the same as the sob-stuff of an American best-seller.

The truth is, of course, that when a man says that there is a general character in the United States, or in the Jewish nation, or the English nation, he does not in the least necessarily mean that all of them "are approximately alike." He means it no more than he means that all sea-creatures are alike when he collectively connects them with the sea. He means, not that all the items are identical, but that the common and containing atmosphere is a real thing. There is an air, an assumption, a primary condition common to all the varieties of a certain thing; though they may be very various indeed.

Of course, this sceptical argument, that the common type does not exist because the variations exist, is a very old one. At the very beginning of the Middle Ages it was called nominalism; it was also called nonsense. It can easily be applied to any other norm as well as the norm of nationality. Is there such a thing as a dog? And if there is, what

are its essential characteristics? What is there in common between a mastiff and a minute Pekinese, between an Italian greyhound and a bulldog, between a St. Bernard and a dachshund, and so on? In one sense the difference is indeed very difficult to ignore, and the identity very difficult to define. In practice we can only say two things about it. First, that we know that all the dogs know they are dogs, and act accordingly. And second that a man who ignores the fact may soon be found trying to teach a pig to be a watch-dog, and to hunt a fox with a pack of cats; and may be found soon after that in a madhouse.

It is so with the great social groups of which we really admit the reality, even in speaking of them at all. Their identity is none the less real for being in one sense subtle. Often we can only say that we see the difference instantly, while we could only analyse it at length; and this is certainly the case with those very national types which Mr. Sinclair Lewis thinks too diverse to be combined in a nation. Lord Curzon has not the pride of a Prussian nobleman; Mr. Osbert Sitwell has not the eccentricity of a French poet;

or an Italian. Cobden has been called the international man; but in reality he was an exceedingly national man. It seems sufficiently shown in the fact admitted on both sides of the controversy about him: that his precise point of view has never yet been adopted by any other nation.

Among modern Englishmen, I suppose Mr. H. G. Wells would most probably prefer to claim the title of an international man. But Mr. H. G. Wells is really a great deal more English than Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Wells has not, perhaps, always been happy in the titles of his admirable books. Nobody can call him fortunate in his prophetic phrase: "The War that Will End War." I, for one, did not think him fortunate in the title of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"; for, excellent as was his work about the war, it always seemed to me that the one thing he would not do was to see it through. His mind was too restless and, in a sense, too inventive for so dogmatic a description. But the title of one of his books, written round about that time, was at least unanswerably accurate; and he had as good a right as anybody alive to label one volume of his collected essays, "An Englishman Looks at the World."

It is the same, of course, with other nations besides our own. It is very rare to find a Frenchman who is not national; but even when he is not national he is still French. It was exceptional to find an Irishman who was not nationalist; but even when he was bitterly and fiercely anti-nationalist, his bitterness and fierceness were those of his own nation. Who in the world would ever mistake Carson for an Englishman? Tolstoy preached a sort of universal blank of benevolent internationalism; a white world without frontiers and almost without maps. But Tolstoy was not only more Russian than Trotsky, he was quite as Russian as Stolypin. He was idealistic in the particular way in which a Russian is idealistic; we might say with all respect that he was mad in the particular way in which a Russian is mad.

But it is only as a parenthesis that I note here, what I have noted everywhere; that the very men who are least nationalist are most national. The challenge of Mr. Sinclair Lewis concerns primarily my own nation; and it goes deeper into the definition of nationality. And, as I have said, the very list that he gives as one of bewildering diversity might well be used as an outline of the essential unity. Save where the case is complicated by the peculiar

position of the Jews, I could write an essay on any one among such men and show that he could have become what he is only under the conditions of England or of an English tradition. It is true that in one sense the United States, for which Mr. Sinclair Lewis speaks, really is a rather exceptional case. Doubtless there is within the geographical boundaries of that nation undigested alien material which is really not yet in any sense nationalised. There is nothing on that scale in England; and, in so far as there is anything of that kind, we should never make the mistake of even supposing it to be national. Nobody looks for the typical Englishman among the Chinamen in Limehouse; and I suppose I shall be very much misunderstood if I suggest anything of the kind about the Jews in Whitechapel. But the accident that America is open to alien immigration in a sense not known to most countries does not alter the general truth that there is such a thing as an American nation, still less that there is such a thing as a nation. And if Mr. Sinclair Lewis is really so anxious to read a book on an Englishman by an Englishman, I can only hope that he will read my book, when I write it, with anything like as much attention and interest as were aroused in me by the reading of "Babbitt."



CHIEF ORGANISERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY:
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Sitting in front are (from left to right) Sir Charles McLeod; Sir James Stevenson, Bt., G.C.M.G. (Chairman); and Col. Sir A. Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. Standing (l. to r.), Mr. W. H. Rains, Hon. Sec., Manchester Section; Mr. H. A. Beckenham, Secretary to the Exhibition; and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir James Allen, K.C.B. Sir Charles McLeod is Chairman of the East India Section of the London Chamber of Commerce. Sir James Stevenson, Managing Director of Messrs. John Walker and Sons, has been Surveyor-General of Supply to the War Office, and a member of the Army Council and the Air Council. Sir Henry McMahon has had long military and political experience in India, and was the first High Commissioner of Egypt under the British Protectorate. Sir James Allen has been High Commissioner for New Zealand in London since 1920.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Manchester.]

Mr. Horatio Bottomley was never an American editor exactly like Mr. Hearst. We can only test it by imaginative experiment; by supposing Lord Curzon talking to a Junker and noting that their very way of bowing would be different; by imagining Mr. Sitwell in a café on the boulevard, talking to a French exponent of *vers libre*, and observing that the very rhythm of their gestures would be as different as the rhythm of their writing; by imagining Horatio Bottomley and Hearst walking down Broadway arm-in-arm, and realising that nine men out of ten would know which of them was an Englishman.

It has always struck me as a curious fact, going even beyond the facts here in question, that nobody is more national than the man who denies nationality. Mr. Sinclair Lewis might have safely added to his list many of those who pride themselves on a cosmopolitan rather than an English citizenship, and they would have been, if anything, rather more English than the rest. The English Quaker will sometimes say he disapproves not only of all guns and swords, but of all flags and frontiers; but, for all that, the English Quaker is a very English Quaker. You could not really even explain his existence to an Irishman

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING CURRENT NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



THE DEPOSED CALIPH AN EXILE IN SWITZERLAND: ABDUL MEDJID (WITH PRAYING BEADS), HIS SON, AND DAUGHTER, AT TERRITET.



REHEARSING FOR THE "BIG HOWL": "GEORGE," THE PRINCIPAL HOWLER, IN POSITION AT THE 2LO MICROPHONE, WITH MR. AND MRS. L. STANTON JEFFRIES.



THREATENED WITH "SUCH AN EXTENSION AS WOULD MEAN ITS PRACTICAL ABOLITION AS A MONUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY": THE OLD CLOPTON BRIDGE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, BUILT A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH.



PRINCE, PREMIER, AND EX-PREMIER IN THE EAST END: THE PRINCE OF WALES (THIRD FROM LEFT) CHATTING TO MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

After his summary expulsion from Constantinople on the night of March 3-4, the deposed Caliph of Islam, Abdul Medjid, travelled by train to Switzerland with two of his wives, his son, Prince Omar Farukh Effendi, and his little daughter. At Brigue, the frontier station, the ex-Caliph was at first refused admission, but eventually allowed to proceed. He took up his quarters at the Grand Hotel at Territet, on the Lake of Geneva, where the above photograph was taken.—The London Broadcasting Company arranged a Big Howl for the benefit of canine listeners. It took place at 2LO on March 6, when "George," a dog belonging to "Uncle Geoffrey," led a chorus of howls accompanying a violin and bagpipes.—The Stratford-on-Avon Municipality proposes to widen Clopton Bridge with reinforced concrete, which would spoil its ancient character.



WATCHING IRELAND BEAT WALES AT "RUGGER" AT CARDIFF: (L. TO R.) MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, THE PRINCE OF WALES (WITH PIPE), MR. H. S. LYNE, AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

Sir Martin Conway, as Chairman of the Stratford Preservation Society, pleads for an alternative plan that would save this old bridge, which was familiar to Shakespeare. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1491.—The Prince of Wales on March 7 visited the warehouses of the Co-operative Wholesale Society in Leman Street, Whitechapel. Among those present were the Prime Minister and his daughter (Miss Ishbel Macdonald, seen next to him in the photograph), Mr. Baldwin (next but two beyond the Prince), Mrs. Baldwin, and Mrs. Asquith. Miss Macdonald kept her twenty-first birthday on March 9.—On the 8th the Prince and the Duke of York, with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. J. H. Thomas (Colonial Secretary), watched the International "Rugger" match at Cardiff, where Ireland beat Wales by 13 points to 10.

"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN" FOR WEMBLEY: PALACE OF BEAUTY GIRLS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERESFORD, G.P.U. ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO AND L.N.A.



MISS BOBBIE
HESELTINE
(SCHEHERAZADE)



MISS JOAN GORDON
(NELL GWYNNE).



THE HON. HELEN SCOTT-MONTAGU
(HELEN OF TROY).



MISS G. GILROY
(HELEN OF TROY).



MISS C. PENDOCK
(DANTE'S BEATRICE).



MISS JUNE HOPE
(MADAME
POMPADOUR).



MISS DOROTHY MUNRO
(ELIZABETH WOODVILLE).



MISS NORA BAKER
(ELIZABETH WOODVILLE).



MISS DOROTHY EDWARDS
(MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS).

A very attractive feature of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley will be the Palace of Beauty, with living impersonators of ten of the most famous and beautiful women in history or legend. For each of the ten there have been chosen, out of hundreds of applicants, two representatives, who will take it in turns to appear. The full list is as follows: Helen of Troy, the Hon. Helen Scott-Montagu (Mrs. A. J. C. Kennedy), and Miss Gilroy; Cleopatra, Miss Warwick and Miss Gilson; Scheherazade, Miss Bobbie Heseltine and Miss Grossman; Dante's Beatrice, Mrs. Bygrave and Miss C. Pendock; Elizabeth Woodville, wife

of Edward IV., Miss Dorothy Munro and Miss Nora Baker; Mary Queen of Scots, Miss Dorothy Edwards and Miss Malone; Nell Gwynne, Miss Joan Gordon and Miss Roach; Madame Pompadour, Miss June Hope and Miss Hill; Mrs. Siddons, Miss Carter and Miss C. FitzGibbon; "1924," Miss Ivy Booker and Miss Bentham. The Hon. Helen Scott-Montagu, daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, married Mr. Arthur J. C. Kennedy in 1916, but uses her maiden name for stage purposes. Miss Bobbie Heseltine, it may be of interest to mention, sits as a model to Mr. Augustus John, the famous painter.

THE RIVIERA TRAIN WRECK: THE DISASTER NEAR LYONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



1. AFTER THE 4 A.M. DISASTER TO THE CALAIS-CÔTE-D'AZUR EXPRESS: SLEEPING-CAR WRECKAGE ON THE LINE.

2. AT THE GRANDS-VIOLETS JUNCTION AFTER THE DISASTER: RAILWAY OFFICIALS SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE.

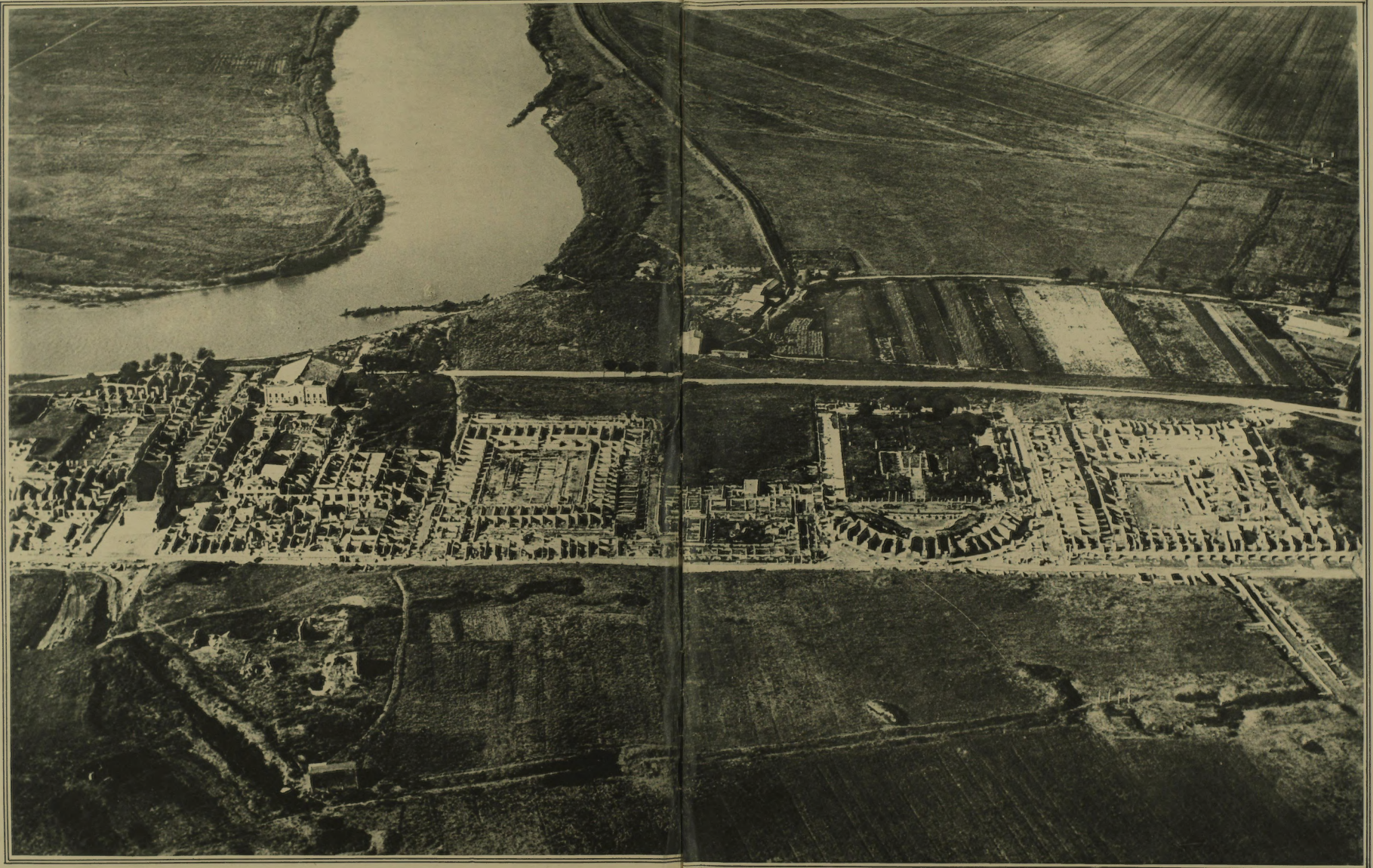
Nearly all the victims in the wreck of a Riviera train near Lyons, in the early hours of March 10, were English people. The three passengers killed were Mrs. Constance Lane, Colonel William de Falbe, and Mr. Edward B. Moore. Mrs. Lane was the wife of Mr. Francis Lane, of Holmfield Road, Leicester, and was travelling to Italy with her husband, who was injured. Colonel de Falbe, of Bylands House, Redbourn, Herts, was senior partner in Messrs. de Falbe, Halsey and Co., insurance brokers, of London. He died after an amputation of both legs. His wife and her maid, Miss Maud White, were slightly injured. Mr. Edward Moore was a director of Messrs. W. Eaden Lilley and Co., the Cambridge outfitters. His wife, who was with him, was injured. They were on their way to Monte

Carlo for a holiday. The train, which was running from Calais to the Côte d'Azur, left the rails, at 4 a.m., at the Grands-Violetts *halte*, some four miles north of Lyons, and turned over on its side. At that point the trains sometimes go straight on by the main line to Perrache station, Lyons, and sometimes turn off to Brotteaux station. The driver, who was saved, stated that he was instructed in Paris to take the Perrache route, and that this order was confirmed at Dijon and Macon. At Grands-Violetts it was not till he had passed the first signal and was approaching the second, that he realised that the signals showed he was to turn off to Brotteaux, and should have slackened speed. He applied the brakes, but it was too late. He has been exonerated from blame.

THE PORT OF ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS: OSTIA, EXCAVATED AFTER 1900 YEARS, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY "PHOTO PRESS BUREAU AERONAUTIQUE ITALIENNE."

BY COURTESY OF THE ITALIAN COMMISSARIATO PER L'AERONAUTICA.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ITALIAN AIR-SHIP: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT

The wonderful excavations at Ostia have been illustrated from time to time in our pages, and in our next number we shall give further photographs showing the latest stage of the work, including a fresh block of houses uncovered on the west side of the Forum, and the newly found ruins of the Curia, or Council House. Another air view of Ostia appeared in our issue of December 6, 1919, and it is interesting to compare these views with those of Pompeii (also taken from the air) given in our issues of February 16 last and June 2, 1923, especially as the two cities form a marked contrast in character. Pompeii, with its southern climate, was built in Hellenistic style, a town of luxurious villas. "Ostia, on the contrary," writes Professor Federico

OSTIA, AT THE MOUTH OF THE TIBER, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF VULCAN (EXTREME LEFT).

Halbherr, "represents a riverside and marine town, the emporium of a great metropolis, needing houses not tasteful and elegant, but large and strongly built, adapted to a more rigorous climate, proof against damp and mist, and more suited for stores than for people. Nowhere, on ancient sites, have houses been discovered of such a modern type as here." In the above photograph may be identified the Temple of Vulcan, the large roofless building in front on the extreme left, with a great flight of steps (showing as a white patch) leading up to it. This temple was the centre of Ostia's religious life. Further along, in the front of the second large block of buildings from the right, may be seen the remains of the Theatre, with its semi-circular walls.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, C.N. ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARRATT'S, L.N.A., TOPICAL, DALMAIN (NORTH BERWICK), AND PHOTOPRESS.



BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER FROM 1905 TO 1922: THE LATE DR. E. C. S. GIBSON.



APPOINTED CONTROLLER AND EQUERRY TO THE DUKE OF YORK: CAPT. BASIL VERNON BROOKE, R.N.



MANAGING DIRECTOR AND EDITOR OF THE "LIVERPOOL POST": THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER JEANS



NEW G.O.C., TERRITORIAL AIR BRIGADES: GEN. E. B. ASHMORE.



NEW LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF JERSEY: GEN. SIR FRANCIS BINGHAM.



LIBERAL CANDIDATE, ABBEY DIV.: MR. J. SCOTT DUCKERS.



CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR THE ABBEY DIVISION: MR. OTHO NICHOLSON.



LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR THE ABBEY DIVISION: MR. FENNER BROCKWAY.



A GREAT GOLFER: THE LATE BEN SAYERS, OF N. BERWICK.



A CITY TRAGEDY: THE LATE SIR H. SIMPSON-BAIKIE.



UNSEATED BY A MISTAKE: MAJ. THE HON. J. J. ASTOR.



ENGAGED TO MISS CORNELIA VANDERBILT: THE HON. JOHN CECIL, BRITISH EMBASSY, U.S.



"STORM CENTRE" OF THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY-ELECTION: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE INDEPENDENT ANTI-SOCIALIST CANDIDATE, WITH MRS. CHURCHILL, AND LORD WODEHOUSE, ARRIVING AT ESSEX HALL FOR HIS ADOPTION MEETING.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. JOHN CECIL: MISS CORNELIA VANDERBILT, A GREAT HEIRESS.

Bishop Gibson was Hon. Chaplain to Queen Victoria, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to King Edward.—Capt. Brooke served in the Grand Fleet in the war, and from 1919 to 1922 commanded H.M. Yacht "Alexandra."—Sir A. Jeans became manager of the "Liverpool Post" in 1879. He founded the "Liverpool Echo."—Major-General Ashmore became G.O.C., Air Defences of London, in 1917.—Major-General the Hon. Sir Francis Bingham is a son of Lord Lucan, and has been on the Allied Military Commission of Control in Germany.—Polling in the by-election in the Abbey Division of Westminster is to take place on March 19: The intervention of Mr. Churchill as an independent and anti-Socialist candidate, in rivalry with the official Conservative candidate, Mr. Otho Nicholson, caused much controversy. Mr. Nicholson is a

nephew of the late Brig.-General J. S. Nicholson, who previously held the seat.—Ben Sayers was born at Leith in 1857, and was an acrobat before he took up golf.—Brig.-General Sir Hugh Simpson-Baikie died suddenly at a company meeting. He served on many fronts in the war, and had also fought in the South African War and at Omdurman.—Major the Hon. J. J. Astor had to vacate his seat in Parliament, as M.P. for Dover, through inadvertently voting before he had taken the oath.—The Hon. John Cecil, son of Lord William Cecil (uncle of the Marquess of Exeter) and the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney, is First Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington. Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt is the only daughter of the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, whose fortune was estimated at £10,000,000.

WHAT THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM MAY SHOW: SHARKS AND GROUPERS.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK; NO. 2 BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON.



1. CAPTIVE SEA MONSTERS THAT ARE ATTENDED BY A RETINUE OF SHARK-SUCKERS AND RUDDER-FISH, WHICH OCCASIONALLY SWIM TOO NEAR AND MEET THEIR DOOM: SAND-SHARKS IN THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.



2. TYPES OF ONE OF THE LARGEST FAMILIES OF TROPICAL AND SUB-TROPICAL FISHES: NASSAU GROUPERS, WHICH CHANGE COLOUR, AND BLACK GROUPERS, WHICH ARE AMONG THE MOST DIFFICULT FISHES TO LAND.

It will be interesting to see whether the new Aquarium at the "Zoo," to be opened on April 7, will be able to show such exhibits as those seen on this and succeeding pages, in the aquariums of New York and Miami. The "Zoological Society Bulletin" (New York) says: "The large sand-shark (*Carcharias taurus*) and the attending retinue of shark-suckers and rudder-fish still retains its eminence among the many exhibits. The only difficulty with this group is that occasionally a rudder-fish will become careless in his habits and swim too near the mouth of the shark and so find his doom. . . . In the state of nature the rudder-fish has learned to follow sharks in order to

pick up crumbs from their orgies." In the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington) we read: "The groupers represent one of the largest families of fishes in tropical and sub-tropical waters. Some reach a length of 8 to 10 ft. and weigh 600 lb. The black grouper, one of the largest, is extremely wary and one of the most difficult fishes to land . . . (On taking the bait) it makes for the nearest hole in the coral reef, and often frees itself by running the line over a sharp edge. Once the hooked fish reaches a hole, it is almost impossible to bring it again to the surface. . . . The Nassau species changes colour with great facility."

SUITABLE INMATES FOR THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: FISH

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS: NO. 1 BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY (NEW YORK);



1 "CANNIBALS" THAT SOMETIMES DEVOUR THEIR OWN YOUNG: ROCK BASS—AN OMNIVOROUS AMERICAN FRESH-WATER FISH—IN A TANK CONTAINING FIFTEEN SPECIMENS AT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.



3 PHOTOGRAPHED ACTUALLY IN THE GULF STREAM: A HUDDLED MEDLEY OF GRAY SNAPPERS, YELLOW GOAT-FISH, GRUNTS, A PARROT-FISH, AND A "SCHOOLMASTER," ALL PANIC-STRICKEN ON THE APPROACH OF A BARRACUDA.

The new Aquarium at the "Zoo," as already mentioned, is due to open on April 7, and Londoners will hope to see exhibits similar to those shown in Photographs Nos. 1, 2 and 4 above. No. 3 is a wonderful photograph "taken [to quote the "National Geographic Magazine," New York] not in an aquarium tank, but about 8 ft. under water in the Gulf Stream, with an especially designed camera. Posing for their portraits are gray snappers, yellow goat-fish, grunts, a parrot-fish, and a schoolmaster—nocturnal fish which, as a rule, rest quietly all day. The seeming confusion is due, however, to the presence in their neighbourhood of a barracuda; that veritable tiger of the warm seas and the natural enemy of all small fish." Two years ago, it may be recalled, a barracuda killed a young woman swimming in those waters. Photograph No. 2, says the same magazine, shows: "Not white chrysanthemums, but giant anemones, very much alive and constantly moving their long petals in search of minute particles of food. The clusters of

IN CAPTIVITY AND AT LARGE IN THE GULF STREAM.

NOS. 2, 3, AND 4 BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (WASHINGTON); NO. 4 TAKEN BY DR. W. H. LONGLEY.



2. SHOWING GIANT ANEMONES (LIKE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS), LIVING SEA-URCHINS (LIKE BLACK HEDGEHOGS), STAR-FISH, AND A HERMIT CRAB IN AN EMPTY CONCH SHELL: CURIOSITIES OF THE OCEAN FLOOR IN THE MIAMI AQUARIUM.



4. RELATIVES OF THE MUTTON FISH ("A FOOD FISH TAKEN AT KEY WEST IN GREAT QUANTITIES . . . THE GAMEST FIGHTER OF THE NUMEROUS SNAPPER FAMILY"): THE GRAY SNAPPER (*NEOMNIS GRISEUS*) AMONG GORGONIANS.

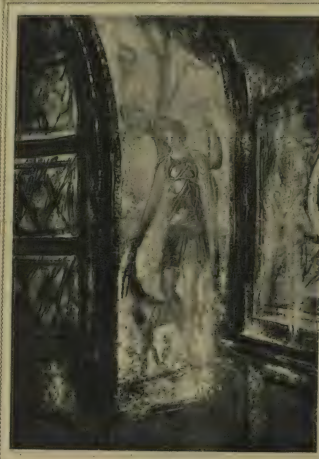
black hatpins are living sea-urchins so protected by their movable quills that few marine animals disturb them. The hermit crab walks about with his borrowed home, an empty conch shell, and the star-fish is much in evidence. A beautifully tinted sea-fan forming a background for a long-spined sea-urchin is thriving in a cluster of coral." The Gray Snapper (shown in Photograph No. 4) is a member of a numerous family, that includes the Mutton Fish, "a food fish of great importance, living on rocky and grassy bottoms and feeding on small fish and crustaceans." It is taken at Key West in great quantities. Of Photograph No. 1 the "Bulletin of the Zoological Society (New York)" says: "Among the native fresh-water fishes in the Aquarium, few adapt themselves more readily to captivity than the Rock Bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*). . . . In its feeding habits it is about as omnivorous as any member of the bass-sunfish family to which it belongs. . . . Fish culturists have found that it cannibalises to some extent on its own young."

EARLY CHRISTIAN BAPTISTERY OR PAGAN SHRINE? A

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR

PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR writes: "A few days ago, Professor Paribeni, the well-known Roman archaeologist, announced to the Italian Academy of the Royal Lincei a discovery recently made in Rome, which is destined to cause a great sensation among artists and antiquarians. While excavating for the foundations of some new houses in the suburb of Porta Salaria, a great subterranean building, decorated with wall-paintings and mosaic, was brought to light. This *hypogæum*, 23 yards long and 8 yards wide, had been constructed in the middle of the ancient Salarian necropolis, destroying many of its tombs and reaching the depth of 16½ ft. below the ancient level. Its plan is elliptical in form, similar to that of a small *cavea*, but curved on one side only. In the best-preserved part of the building, one can still see the stairs descending from the street to the interior, which is paved with the inscribed stones and other marbles of the overthrown tombs, affording most important evidence, because they help us to fix, at least approximately, the date of its construction. Several inscriptions, referring to some Praetorian soldiers from the Noricum, show that the building is later than the reign of Septimius Severus (193-211 A.D.), who was—as Professor Paribeni points out—the first emperor to admit foreigners into this chosen bodyguard. The staircase led to a large underground hall, in which the wall looking north has a niche painted all over. In the upper part of it, there is a gay representation of four birds, two on the ground amongst flowering plants, and two drinking at an elegant fountain—in the shape of a two-handled vase or *Kantharos*—placed in the middle. On the panels of the niche, two beautiful mythological pictures in classic style are to be seen. In the centre of one, Diana, the huntress, stands in a wood, with a stag on her left side, and a hind on her right: in the other is depicted, near a tree, a nymph caressing a roebuck. Professor Paribeni, the explorer of the *hypogæum*, recognises in the first figure a type which was also familiar to ancient sculpture, such as that of the well-known Artemis of Versailles. The nymph on the other side is represented in Amazon costume. The niche forms a kind of reserved room, divided from the hall by a low, massive vault. Under the niche and vault is a small opening in the wall to admit water, which, flowing over some small marble steps, fell into a large deep basin. The other walls of the building had also a gorgeous decoration of paintings and mosaics, but unfortunately they were found in a deplorable condition, and, whereas some pieces of the paintings permit us to distinguish their subjects fairly well, and show pretty marine scenes of *Amorini* in boats, or fishing and swimming, of the mosaics, on the other hand, hardly anything remains in its place—the *basette*, or pieces which composed them.

(Continued in Box 2.)



POSSIBLY A CHRISTIAN ALLEGORY: THE PANEL ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE NICHE—A NYMPH IN AMAZONIAN COSTUME, CARESSING A ROEBUCK.



DIANA, THE HUNTRESS, CHASING DEER: A BEAUTIFUL MYTHOLOGICAL PICTURE IN CLASSIC STYLE ON THE PANEL TO THE LEFT OF THE NICHE, POSSIBLY SYMBOLISING PAGANISM DRIVING CHRISTIAN PROSELYTES FROM THE BAPTISMAL FONT.

(Continued)

Great hall, which evidently served for meetings of large numbers, infers without hesitation that we have here the real baptistery of an early Christian congregation, in which case the figures of Diana and the Nymph are only allegorical and must represent—the former, Paganism chasing the Christian proselytes—figured as stags—from the baptismal font; and the latter, the good Nymph who caresses and comforts them. Ancient records of Rome do, in fact, speak of a 'Baptisterium ad Nymphas' (the Baptistery at the Nymphs) in the suburbs of the city. But the identification of the two

HYPOGÆUM FOUND IN ROME—MYSTERIOUS PAINTINGS.

FEDERICO HALBHERR, OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGIST.



"A GAY REPRESENTATION OF FOUR BIRDS": AN UNEXPLAINED PAINTING ON THE UPPER PART OF THE NICHE, IN THE ANCIENT SUBTERRANEAN BUILDING RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT PORTA SALARIA, A SUBURB OF ROME.

(Continued.)
2
having fallen for the greater part on the floor, on account of the decomposition of the cement that fixed them on the wall. Only one fragment deserves mention, as it preserves some parts of a scene, which perhaps can be interpreted, showing the legs of a standing figure with a long tunic, and a portion of a kneeling one. Upon the latter water seems to fall from a rock. The strange features of this subterranean structure, which can neither have been a dwelling house nor an industrial building, nor a palestra or gymnasium, nor a *nymphæum*, although it has a basin for water, awaken the greatest curiosity amongst architects and archaeologists, who are not able, as yet, to guess its original purpose. The pictures themselves, which are not simply decorative, hide their real meaning. Nevertheless, the conjecture which presents itself as most probable to the minds of the excavators is that the chamber has a religious character. Professor Paribeni remarks that the scene of the mosaic may allude to the deed of Moses in making water flow from the rock; or, if the indistinct object in the background is not a rock, the scene might also represent St. Peter baptizing the Centurion. The famous archaeologist of the Roman Catacombs, Mgr. Wilpert, from the presence of the basin under the niche, in front of the

(Continued below.)



WAS IT A FONT FOR CHRISTIAN BAPTISM, OR USED FOR PURIFICATION RITES OF A PAGAN CULT? THE BASIN, VAULT, AND NICHE OF THE HYPOGÆUM, WHICH DATES FROM A TIME LATER THAN THE REIGN OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS (193-211 A.D.).

localities is not easy to be proved, and the last word on this much-discussed structure is yet to be said. It is perhaps more reasonable to seek in it simply one of the many clubs, built and frequented by the numerous pagan or semi-pagan sects, which swarmed in Rome during the late imperial ages, especially those which used water for purifications and practised their secret rites in hidden and subterranean places, such as the *hypogæa* formerly discovered near the Porta Maggiore, the Viale Manzoni, and elsewhere."

THE DUAL SOUL OF OUR EPOCH.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE Socialists of all countries agree in affirming that modern society is the outcome of violence, corruption and iniquity, and a more just and better society must be created by persuasion or force. As this wave of pessimism, which one might sometimes imagine to be borrowed from the Jewish Prophets, inspires to-day, or ought to inspire, the Governments of a large portion of the earth and exercises so much influence over the greater number of European States, it is permissible to ask whether Western Civilization is a sinner who, finding her conscience heavy with remorse, is beginning to endeavour to retrace her steps.

This is not so. If the world is very discontented at this moment, it is not discontented with itself, and the errors and follies which it may have committed in a recent past. The causes of our discontent lie outside ourselves: in business which goes badly, in the taxes which crush us, in the ever-increasing cost of living, in the depreciation of the currency, in the continued diminution of profits, revenues and salaries. The world is persuaded that it is in no way responsible for the disasters by which it is overwhelmed. We attribute our sufferings to the war or the peace, to the victors or the vanquished, to the parties in power or the form of government. In no country has anyone had the idea that all this disorder might also be caused by errors or faults in which we might all be participators, and for which we may all be responsible in a greater or less degree. If the discontent often results in electioneering campaigns, and in the political triumph of doctrines which denounce modern Society as the new Babylon, every individual still remains persuaded that we live in a progressive era, that everything will improve; that the evils from which we suffer will disappear by a species of necessity which will operate without any exercise of our will. We have only to let things go. At the most we can only help a little, from time to time, by changing the Government.

There is, indeed, nothing new in this contradiction. It continually recurs throughout the history of the nineteenth century. For a century we have been madly optimistic, always complaining of the present, and hoping everything from the future. We believe in uninterrupted progress, in the inevitable amelioration of the world, in the emancipation of humanity and universal fraternity. Jean Jacques Rousseau is the master whom we have all followed. But at the very moment when he allowed us to catch glimpses of brilliant future prospects, the nineteenth century was multiplying pessimistic doctrines on every side. It reiterated that democracy was about to plunge the world into a new barbarism; that the capitalists had subjected the peoples to the most horrible tyranny; that life is a struggle without mercy, where the feeble ones are ruthlessly eliminated, and that men live in the world in order mutually to massacre each other. Socialism was the most simple and the most popular of these pessimistic doctrines, which, whether they were reactionary or revolutionary, resembled each other in their inner spirit far more nearly than one would have imagined from their exterior.

Our epoch has endowed pessimism and optimism alike with a dual soul. Like Narcissus, she admires herself, and every now and then she is seized with an invincible disgust of herself. She is persuaded that she is really perfect, and that all would go well if only there were a "man" at the head of the Government: that miraculous "man" whom all the peoples of Europe have sought for so many years without ever finding him. But, although she is convinced that she is perfection personified, she never succeeds in getting rid of the idea that she requires a complete reform. That dual soul recurs, even in the most pessimistic doctrines, of which, however, the pessimism is rarely complete. Dark as the outlook of a Jewish prophet when judging the actual epoch, Socialism puts on Jean Jacques Rousseau's rose-coloured spectacles when it is a question of the future. The world has only to allow itself to be convinced by this miraculous Word, and the gates of the Earthly Paradise will once more reopen for the children of Adam.

How can we explain this contradiction, which is one of the tragedies of our time? Never has the problem been more important than at this moment.

Modern civilisation, which the Socialists are so ready to accuse of having corrupted the world, has developed prodigiously a certain number of virtues: activity, energy of will, the spirit of discipline, respect for laws, obedience, courage, and gentle manners. These virtues have not been developed in small *élite* classes, but in the masses; that is to say, in hundreds of millions of men. It is not an exaggeration to say, if one considers the number of men touched by it, that this transformation is, after that

which was effected by Christianity, the most gigantic in history. Conservative writers of all schools may deplore the anarchy of the nineteenth century; it is none the less true that the world never knew any order comparable with that which America and Europe enjoyed from 1815 to 1914, despite the dominant political and philosophical doctrines.

That century lived in peace eighty years out of a hundred. With the two exceptions of the War of 1870 and the American Civil War, all the wars which stained it with blood were short. That century was troubled by only one important revolution, that of 1848, and it lasted less than a year. But what a transformation in manners was accomplished during that long peace! The masses, at all events in Continental Europe, not only bowed before the duty of military service, they also learned the discipline of the great industrial development. No previous century has seen millions of men rise, go to work, return home, eat, sleep, all at the self-same hour, in obedience to invisible and anonymous authority. Behind the apparent disorder and feverish existence of the nineteenth century, there lay hidden an immense monastic discipline, of which the ancients would have imagined human nature incapable.



AN INSTITUTION THE "ZOO" SEEKS TO EMULATE: THE AQUARIUM AT MIAMI, FLORIDA, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The Aquarium and Biological Laboratory at Miami Beach, Florida, was opened in 1921. The "National Geographic Magazine" says: "It has salt water from the Gulf Stream itself available for changing in the tanks at every turn of the tide, if necessary . . . and is equipped with 50 exhibition tanks, one . . . probably the largest in the world. In it may be shown fish 12 ft. long. The tanks are arranged along corridors, in the general form of a Maltese cross, with a central rotunda."

Copyright Photograph by the National Geographic Magazine, Washington.

That century exterminated beggars, loafers, brigands, and pirates. It taught everyone to work with a monotonous regularity which demanded a ceaseless control of attention and nerves; it spread abroad the habit of saving, that is to say of forethought—a virtue no less difficult to practise than the mastery of self. Crime increased and diminished during this century, according to the time and the country. But everywhere it became less ferocious, and never was it repressed more energetically, and with less cruelty.

Everywhere horror of violence and gentleness of manners had increased until 1914. The unbelieving century was in this respect the most Christian of all since the Incarnation. In 1914 the large majority of men had for generations only borne arms as playthings. Everywhere persuasion took the place of coercion and terror, which is the essence of Christian morality. Despite a growing taste for certain violent sports, cruelty was repugnant to public manners. And yet there was as much, and even more courage than in any other epoch. The war proved it. Official praise, which proclaimed all the combatants heroes in masses in every country, is a little exaggerated. But we may, without sinning against truth or modesty, be proud that when the cruel trial came our epoch should have found so many courageous men ready to sacrifice themselves, and we may well ask whether other epochs would have found more.

All these incontestable merits explain the Narcissian admimations of our time. In the face of these facts we cannot be accused of vanity if we refuse to admit that our civilisation has morally degenerated. But, in that case, why do we allow ourselves to be so easily led away by pessimistic doctrines on every side? Why has the most radical of these doctrines conquered a third of the world? Because our epoch, though it has succeeded in developing difficult virtues in the masses, has done so by exciting passions which easily become dangerous, such as love of gain, the desire for well-being, ambition of power, individual and collective vanity, and the multiplication of needs and pleasures. Europeans and Americans of

the nineteenth century became gradually accustomed to the discipline and effort of the modern world, because our age offered them as prizes luxuries and enjoyments which were previously impossible or unknown. One deplores the insatiable desire for money and pleasures by which all classes in our day are devoured; and one compares it with the modest tone of previous times. But without the stimulus of these desires and ambitions would men continue to work as they work now? Work is always a trial. Men in old days were content with less, and did not aspire to rise above their class; but they put out far less effort.

The multiplication of wants, facility of gain, demoralisation of manners and institutions, the freedom of careers, and universal competition have been the necessary conditions for the development of a century of production on a large scale. All the virtues which are the pride of our time arise from the play of these passions. But these passions are the *ambitio*, the *luxuria*, the *avaritia* of the Romans: *ambitio*, or the appetite for power; *luxuria*, or the desire for luxury; *avaritia*, or the cupidity of riches.

Now the Romans, who had discriminated these things with so much precision, distrusted these passions, regarding them as being too often bad counsellors whom they accused of stifling the moral conscience, of exciting cruelty, perfidy, and, in general, all the dangerous instincts. The nineteenth century, on the contrary, used them in the great moral transformation of civilisation, and officially reinstated them. Were they right, and were the ancients mistaken? Or were the ancients right, and is it we who are mistaken? One of the most obscure historical enigmas lies hidden in that question.

If the prodigious result of its activity proves that the nineteenth century was not mistaken, the moral disgust of itself which from time to time takes possession of it, in the midst of its triumphs, demonstrates that the ancients were not, after all, quite in the wrong. The critical doctrines, including Socialism, which the nineteenth century brought to birth, despite its optimism and its Narcissian self-admiration, were reactions from the wild course of its passions, from the demoralisation which it propagated, from the confusion of virtues and vices which that dual movement of moral elevation and of demoralisation, proceeding from the same source, had engendered. The nineteenth century admired itself passionately, and had a horror of itself, because it had a dual soul.

It is easy to understand now why these moral reactions became more violent and confused after the war. I have never been too optimistic about all that concerns post-war conditions. Even in 1917, when I still hoped that the paths of peace would be more easy and straight than they have since proved, I wrote that it would need much time, much work, and much suffering to re-establish even tolerable order in Europe. How often did the hardy optimism of my contemporaries remind me of what had happened after 1815? They said: "Europe emerged exhausted from the wars of the Revolution and the Empire. Then also the danger from anarchy lay everywhere. When the Empire of Napoleon crumbled away; Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and a part of Germany remained without a Government; and yet . . ." I always answered their arguments by saying, "Yes; but at that time people were much better prepared to live in poverty, because their mode of life was much more simple. In the case of generations that are accustomed to work hard, but also to consume enormously and, above all, continually to better their condition, a long period of economic difficulty will be much harder to bear. Yet riches do not fall from heaven like manna in the desert. After so much destruction it will be necessary to work harder and live more poorly if one wishes to find the old prosperity once more."

The ten years which ran from 1914 to 1924 were a golden time for the *ambitio*, the *luxuria*, and the *avaritia*. Thanks to the war, and to the revolutions which succeeded it, a large number of persons enriched themselves, and rose to power without merit, preparation, and with little effort. Now the Wheel of Fortune has turned. We have arrived at a period during which it will be very difficult for many people to improve or even to maintain the social and economic position which they enjoy at present. Again *ambitio*, *luxuria*, *avaritia*, which the ancients distrusted, ruin men whether they encounter too few obstacles to satisfy themselves, or whether they encounter too many. The two perversions—that which is born of extreme facility, and that which is born of extreme difficulty—are about to find themselves facing each other. Classes rendered desperate by servitude and the innumerable daily difficulties of existence will hurl themselves upon small groups vitiated by the facility with which they became rich and powerful.

It is easy to guess what dangerous situations may be born from this tragic contrast. The duty of those who wish to spare Europe tragic experiences is to understand this contrast, and to help the people, by all the means in their power, to defend themselves against the aggresses

(Continued on page 478.)

"THE FINEST CHINESE STONE SCULPTURE IN THIS COUNTRY."

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



BELONGING TO THE ART OF 618-906 A.D.: THE LIFE-SIZE T'ANG DYNASTY BUDDHA AMIDA ADDED TO THE TREASURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

This beautiful Chinese statue, which is in dark-grey limestone, can claim to be the finest piece of Chinese stone sculpture in this country, and is a splendidly characteristic example of the Buddhist art of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906 A.D.). In its official description occurs the following: "The figure, which is life-size, represents the Buddha Amida, sitting cross-legged. Behind the head is a large

circular halo, decorated with elaborate floral designs of a type derived from Indian Gupta sculpture, retaining considerable traces of colour on the surface of the stone." The piece was acquired recently by the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the assistance of the National Art-Collections Fund and a small body of friends of the Museum.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING WAXWINGS: INCLUDING THE "POLITE" CEDAR BIRD.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ON three occasions during this very trying winter, my newspaper has recorded the appearance of waxwings near London. If I could find time to look through the journals wherein such events are usually recorded, I am sure I should find many more, for such visitations are like angels' visits, few and far between; but they are rarely made save by considerable numbers travelling together, probably driven southward by stress of weather, or a shortage in their food supply. On account of their sporadic appearance, only a comparative few among us can hope to have the good fortune to see the waxwing in the flesh, and mark the sprightly ways and beautiful silky plumage of this bird in a state of freedom.

Some idea of its general appearance may be gained from the beautiful figures by America's foremost bird-artist, Mr. Fuertes, reproduced here (Fig. 1). This illustration, however, does him scant justice, since it is robbed of its dainty colouring. The beautiful cinnamon-brown of the plumage as a whole, with its splashes of vermillion, bright yellow, and white, are lost here. One bird is shown quietly resting; the others as they appear in motion, when they have a habit of constantly "craning" the neck; looking this way and that for possible enemies. The two uppermost figures show the European waxwing, which is also "our" waxwing (*Bombycilla garrulus*). The lower figures show us the American species (*B. cedrorum*). There is but one other—the Japanese (*B. japonica*); to be discussed presently. Some ornithologists prefer to place the two last together in another genus, but there seems to be no valid reason for this. However, this by the way.

"Waxwing" seems to be a curious name for one of the feathered tribe; but its justification leaps to the eyes the moment one has the bird in the hand. For the shafts of inner flight-feathers, or secondaries, each terminate in a horny, tear-shaped projection of a bright sealing-wax red (Fig. 2). The fact that the inner web has been drawn out along this projection, beyond the level of the outer web, shows, according to some authorities, that the web of the feather has contributed to the formation of this singular ornament; but there is no other evidence to show that

affords a case in point. I have not had time to consult more than one or two books wherein the plumage of this bird is described, but these

but to a less extent. It would seem that the red vane-spot of the Japanese bird has, in the other two species, been transferred to the tip of the shaft of the feather, which has been still further modified by being drawn out so as to project beyond the vane. It is surely a little strange that these very striking differences should be passed over, as they have been, without comment. Among other specific differences which distinguish the Japanese waxwing are the broad band of cherry-red which crosses the tip of the tail, and the wash of red which tinges the greater wing-coverts.

During the summer months, be it noted, these birds are insectivorous, and, like the flycatchers, seize their prey by making sudden sallies into the air on passing victims, returning at once to their chosen look-out—some jutting twig or post affording a clear view. When insect food fails, they feed upon the berries of various plants and trees. Hawthorn and privet and mountain ash are favourites.

Those who are interested in the "behaviour" of animals, will find food for thought in the comments of an American ornithologist, Mr. Eaton, on the singular ritual of the "cedar bird," as the American waxwing is called, during the months when it must perforce adopt a vegetarian diet. In many parts of the States, he says, they are called "polite birds," because of the habit of bowing, and "passing the word along the line, and of passing a cherry. When the flock alights they ordinarily face in the same direction. Occasionally, before one will taste the fruit which has just been picked, he passes it to the next one on the limb, and so it travels down the line; and on rare occasions it has been seen to come back again along a bough full of birds, before any member of the company will deign to taste it." This is indeed a most extraordinary procedure, and probably without parallel.

For long years, the nesting-place of the European waxwing was shrouded in mystery. In spite of the most diligent search on the part of the most enthusiastic egg-collectors, not a nest was found. Then, in the summer of 1856, after a search extending over five successive seasons, six nests



FIG. 1.—"POLITE BIRDS" THAT PASS A CHERRY FROM ONE TO ANOTHER BEFORE TASTING IT: THREE AMERICAN WAXWINGS (LOWER ROW), WITH TWO EUROPEAN WAXWINGS (ABOVE).

Above are a male (right) and a female (left) European waxwing. The three American waxwings below are a female (left); young bird (centre), showing striated immature plumage; and a male (right). The adult birds have red eyes; the immature, brown.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

make the casual statement that the "wing-tips are red," or that it has red tips to the tail secondaries, and greater wing-coverts. From this one would gather that "red tips" referred to coloured shaft-tips, such as those just described. But not a bit of it. There are no such ornaments in this bird; but, instead, a totally different disposition of this red pigment, at least in so far as the secondary feathers are concerned. Here this pigment is deposited in the form of an oval spot, crossing the vane of the outer web at its tip, and extending as far inwards as the shaft of the feather, where it stops (Fig. 4). In the other two species, as I have remarked, it is the shaft which bears the pigment; and this is further peculiar in being drawn out into a tear-shaped projection. But, more than this, in the Japanese bird the inner web is produced beyond the level of the outer, as in the European and American species,

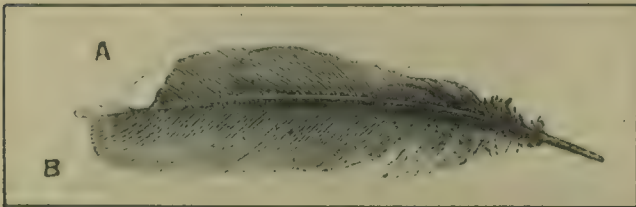


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE WAX-LIKE EXTENSION OF THE SHAFT THAT GIVES THE BIRD ITS NAME: A SECONDARY QUILL OF THE EUROPEAN WAXWING.

The letters indicate—A, the white patch on the outer web of secondary quills; B, the wax-like termination to the shaft. The unequal lengths of the vanes of the feather may also be noted.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

this is the case. Very occasionally specimens are found wherein these tips are yellow instead of red. This, however, is an easily understood variation, indicating merely a lack of pigmentation, for yellow is commonly a stepping-stone, so to speak, to red in animal pigmentation. Very rarely, in old males, similar, but less developed, red tips appear on the tail feathers.

Our British bird, it will be noticed, differs from its American cousin, among other things, in having a white wing-bar, and, in the male, a V-shaped bar of bright yellow at the tip of each of the "primaries," as the greater flight feathers of the hand are called. The intensity of this gamboge-yellow varies: it is the mark, indeed, only of the most vigorous birds commonly, and in the female generally it is but white suffused with yellow. In most females, again, the return or inner angle of the V is wanting. In the American species (Fig. 3), the primaries lack these distinctive marks, the wax tips to the secondaries are much less developed, and the under tail-coverts are of a pale yellow instead of rich chestnut.

The young birds—that is to say, the birds in their first plumage—are markedly striated, and the sealing-wax tips less developed.

And now as to the Japanese species. The ornithologist's standard of values is often puzzling. They seem so commonly to miss the obvious! The Japanese waxwing



FIG. 3.—SHOWING "WAX" TIPS SMALLER THAN IN THE EUROPEAN SPECIES: THE WING OF AN AMERICAN WAXWING, WITH PRIMARIES THAT LACK DISTINCTIVE MARKINGS.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

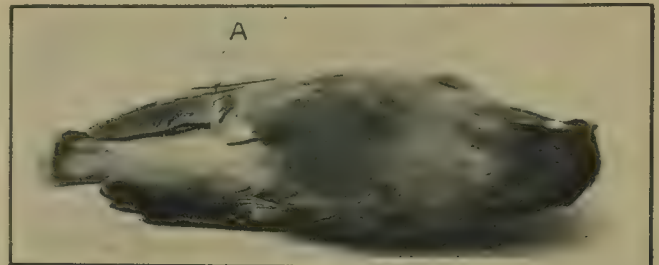


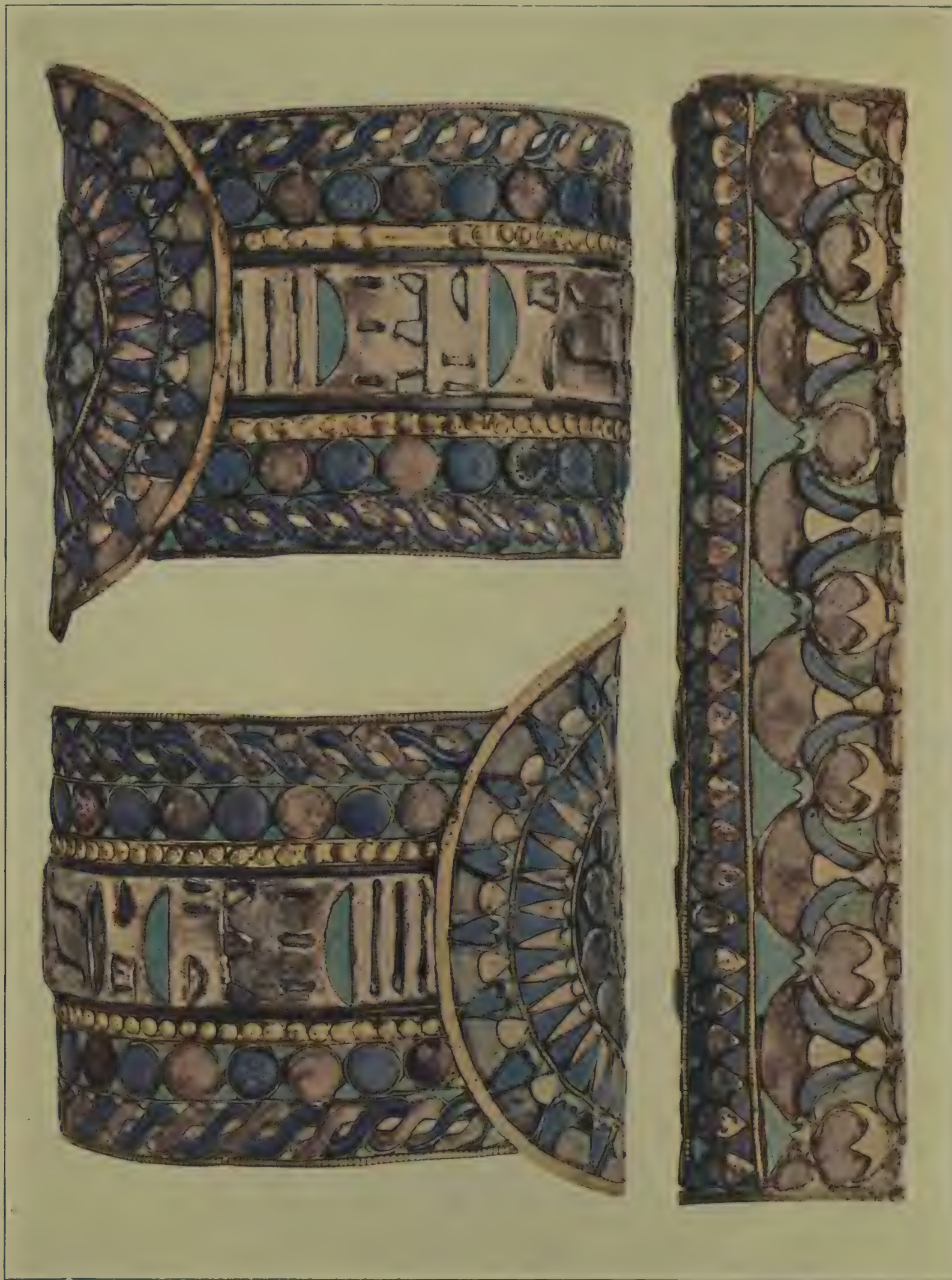
FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE RED TIP TO THE OUTER VANE, SEEN AS A LIGHT BAR (A), AND THE ABSENCE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC EXTENSION OF THE SHAFT: A JAPANESE WAXWING.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

were found for Wolley by his faithful servant, Ludwig Matthias Knoblock, in the valley of the Kemi, in Russian Lapland. In the following year, Wolley himself had the satisfaction of finding a nest; but it had been deserted, fresh but broken eggs being found at the foot of the tree. During these two seasons nests were few in number and hard to find. But, in the following summer, this district was apparently chosen as particularly suitable, and a positive orgy of collecting took place, no fewer than nearly 150 nests, and somewhere about 700 eggs being taken—a record which appeals to us as lamentable and discreditable. Wolley himself can hardly be held responsible for this, since he was away in Iceland that year, searching for the Great Auk—a fruitless search.

Since Wolley's great discovery, nests have been obtained from the Island of Ajos, off the coast of Finland, as well as from north-east Norway. But Lapland is the waxwings' real home, and coniferous forests their favourite breeding-place: failing this, birch woods suffice them. The nest, a substantial structure, is built of spruce twigs and lichens, with a little grass, and lined with hair or moss and a few feathers.

CRUSTED WITH PRECIOUS STONES: A TUTANKHAMEN AXLE.

REPRODUCED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER, GIVING THE SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



TREASURES FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB, RECENTLY REOPENED BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT: DETAILS OF ENCRUSTED GOLD-WORK ON THE AXLE OF ONE OF THE ROYAL CHARIOTS FOUND IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

The exquisite craftsmanship of the ancient Egyptian goldsmiths and lapidaries, some 3200 years ago, is well shown in these beautiful pieces of ornament from the axle of a royal chariot found in Tutankhamen's Tomb. They were illustrated in photogravure in our issue of January 5, but the rich effect of the precious stones, which almost hide the gold beneath, can only be realized in our colour reproduction. The names of the various stones used are not mentioned in the description supplied, but the beauty of the design speaks for itself. The official reopening of the tomb by the Egyptian Government on March 6 was a political rather than a scientific occasion. The two hundred guests included Lord Allenby (the High Commissioner) and Lady Allenby,

the Sirdar, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, all the Egyptian Ministers except the Premier (Zaghlul Pasha), and nearly all the Diplomatic Corps. Mr. Howard Carter and the Egyptologists who had assisted him were not present. It was stated recently that his legal action against the Egyptian Government had been withdrawn, and a new one instituted in the names of Almina Countess of Carnarvon and General Sir John Maxwell, one of the late Earl's executors. It was reported that Professor Breasted, the American archaeologist, had agreed to act as mediator on behalf of Lady Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, and that great efforts were being made to bring about an amicable settlement.

ARGENTINE SPORTS GROUNDS FROM THE AIR: A POLO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD. (HENDON).

POLO IN ARGENTINA AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: A MATCH AT THE HURLINGHAM CLUB, BUENOS AIRES, BETWEEN HURLINGHAM AND THE "FATALITY" SCHOOL. SHOWING FOUR PLAYERS ON THE EXTREME LEFT AND TWO IN THE CENTRE.



GOLF IN ARGENTINA: PART OF THE ST. ANDRES COURSE, NEAR BUENOS AIRES, SHOWING THE CLUB HOUSE (RIGHT BACKGROUND) APPROACHED OVER WATER, WHERE A GOOD MANY BALLS ARE LOST.

MATCH IN PROGRESS; GOLF LINKS; A RACE-COURSE.

SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



"AN AERIAL VIEW OF A HOUSE STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS AT CANTIL IN THE ARGENTINE": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, SHOWING A TYPICAL ESTATE, AND THE CHARACTER OF ITS CULTIVATION.



RACING IN ARGENTINA: AN AIRMAN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RACE-COURSE, CALLED THE HIPPODROME, AT PALERMO, NEAR BUENOS AIRES, SHOWING THE FEDERAL SHOOTING BUTTS IN THE FOREGROUND.

These interesting air views of sports grounds and a typical estate in Argentina have reached us without further descriptive details than those given in the above titles to the illustrations. It may not be inappropriate, however, to quote in connection with them a passage from Mr. W. A. Hirst's book, "A Guide to South America," published a few years ago. In an account of Buenos Aires and its surroundings, he says: "A most charming park is 3 de Febrero at Palermo, which is the Bois de Boulogne of South America. Adjoining is the Zoological Garden, which contains a very large and varied collection of animals. Still further away is the fine park, the 9 de Julio, which is modelled upon the Champs-Élysées. The two principal race-courses are at Palermo and Belgrano. Here valuable thoroughbreds contest for rich prizes; the wealthy Argentinos have spared no trouble or expense in improving their horseflesh, and have imported

many of the best English stallions. The racing season is from March to December. At Palermo and at the numerous grounds in the outskirts of the city, polo, football, cricket, golf, lawn-tennis, and many other games and sports are pursued vigorously, the Argentine having taken kindly to them, largely under English tuition, for the English have, ever since Whitelocke's expedition, been busy in Argentina both in business and sport. The English visitor will find the social life of Buenos Aires extremely pleasant. . . . The chief Argentine club is the Jockey Club, in the Calle Florida, probably the most sumptuous club in the world." A drawing of a race-meeting at the Hippodrome at Palermo, with other sketches of life in Buenos Aires, by Bryan de Grineau, representing an English artist's first impressions of that city, appeared in our issue of January 5.

THE COLOUR OF CONGREVE: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PURPLE AND FINE LINEN IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"NAY, KILL ME NOT BY TURNING FROM ME IN DISDAIN, I COME NOT TO PLEAD FOR FAVOUR": SIR WILFULL WITWUOD ("MR." RUSSELL), LADY WISHFORT ("MRS." YARDE), MIRABELL ("MR." LORAINÉ), AND MRS. MILLAMANT ("MRS." EVANS) IN ACT V. OF CONGREVE'S "THE WAY OF THE WORLD," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH—(L. to R.)

Apart from the wit and sparkle of the dialogue, and the fine acting of Miss Edith Evans, Miss Margaret Yarde, Mr. Robert Loraine, and the rest of the company (all named on the programme in the old style as plain "Mr." or "Mrs."), the revival of Congreve's masterpiece, "The Way of the World," at the Hammersmith Lyric, has a strong interest from the point of view of the stage settings and colour schemes. All the dresses are elaborately designed, to suit the scheme, in the fashion of the period, and, as Mr. Spurrier's drawing very strikingly shows, the general effects of the decoration are conceived on bold lines of colour. The particular moment illustrated is that in Scene IX. of Act V., where Mirabell begins his conciliation of the flamboyant Lady Wishfort, whose wrath he has incurred

by making sham love to her as a means of approach to her rich and lovely niece, Mrs. Millamant. Mirabell is supported in the ordeal by Lady Wishfort's nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, who has just said: "Look up, man, I'll stand for you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you. Besides—harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own. 'Sheart, an she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese." Mirabell, as he kneels to the angry matron, says: "Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten. I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not by turning from me in disdain; I come not to plead for favour."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "DARKEST AFRICA" OF THE CENTURY: "ATTRACTION POSTS."

"AMONG WILD TRIBES OF THE AMAZONS." BY CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE.*

AMAZONIA, the "Lost Continent," the "Darkest Africa" of the twentieth century, gives the *coup de grâce* to the assertion, oft parroted by the unthinking, that there is no place left to explore: of its two million and odd square miles of Equatorial forest and tangled jungle, rapid rivers and noisome swamps, one half is unmapped and almost unknown, and the other is among the mysteries.

The odds against the explorer are great and terror-laden. Fever and starvation, the wasting beri-beri, snake-bite and poisoned dart, curare-tipped arrow and cunning spear, load the dice and conspire to defeat him when he paddles or poles along the waters, or stumbles through the miasmatic immensities, Winchester by hand and revolver in pocket, tormented into realisation that "behind every leaf is an insect, in every flower at least one ant," saturated to listlessness by the rain and the hotly rising mists, and haunted by the savage shadows among the trees.

Nature and the natives—and not least the natives; wild people, shy of white strangers, treacherous to the nth, and so divided and sub-divided tribally as to be a menace not only to the pioneer, but to one another. To come into touch with them, Mr. Domville-Fife employed gifts and the self-confidence that is both courage and caution. He used, in fact, the official methods of the Indian Service of the Brazilian Government, adapting them to his own particular needs and circumstances.

Here is the manner of it. "The vast areas of unmapped forest are divided, roughly, into sections, and to each of these is allotted an officer, several armed guards, and one or two interpreters. During the daytime, the sounds of the tropical jungle, with its teeming animal and insect life, are many and varied; but at night, when all is still, except for the possible howl of the jaguar, these men take up their post in a crow's-nest, built high up in the lofty trees. Then, with the aid of a megaphone to magnify the human voice, they send out messages of friendship and peace far and wide over the dark forest.

"The natives in their *maloccas* are awakened by the curious sound, and lie trembling, but listening to the tales of the coming of their pale-faced brothers, bringing presents for all. To them the most curious thing is that the voice comes from the distant tree-tops and the words are in their own language. . . .

"Another device, called 'Attraction Posts,' serves to complete the work of conciliation. Lanes are cut through the undergrowth leading from the camp right out into the forest. Every half-mile or so along these blazed trails presents are hung on the trees, together with brief messages, in native characters, explaining the peaceful mission of the white men, and telling of the more desirable gifts closer in towards the camp. It often happens that months elapse before any of these timid but very fierce natives appear within range of the post. During the hours of darkness, every tree is stripped bare of gifts time and again; but no reprisals are taken, beyond indicating in the subsequent messages which accompany each present that secrecy is unnecessary when approaching either trees or camp, and that the white men will leave the locality unless the natives come to thank them for the gifts already received. . . . When a certain degree of friendliness has been established, the natives are either provided free with implements for tilling the small patches of soil available for cultivation in these forests, or are employed at a very nominal annual retainer on some easy Government work."

As we have said, Mr. Domville-Fife proceeded with his peaceful penetration on kindred lines, making presents and giving other signs of friendliness, until he had won confidence by his dumb show; and he was able thus to glean much that he desired.

The first natives met were of the Mundurucus, and docile enough; and these were followed by a family of suspicious Apiacás, whose drinking-vessel was a human skull, with the sockets of eyes, nose and ears plugged up with dirty red clay! Then news of unchronicled tribes believed to exist between the Madeira and Aripuanan rivers. The traveller set out to find them. On the way he bribed naked "Mongolian" Caripunas into complacency with



EARTH-EATERS OF A TRIBE DECIDEDLY MONGOLIAN IN APPEARANCE: CARIPUNA INDIANS IN A DUG-OUT—A HOLLOW TREE-TRUNK WITH OPEN ENDS.

Other foods lacking, the Caripunas eat earth, which distends the stomach, as does the chief native food, farina.

beads and pocket-knives and mirrors; watched the making of that almost universal food, farina, from the mandioca, noting how the prussic-acid present at one period is eliminated by squeezing the moistened dough in a fibre bag until all poison and water have been ejected; saw the communal homes—three families to a single roof-tree.

A while, and the first Parintintin was seen. Shaving-glass and scented soap lured him, and carved arrows were fired—as return gifts. A fork and spoon and some soiled shirts completed the business, and in a few days a visit to the village was possible. The journey was by canoes, which was

A further expedition—this time to an officer of the Indian Service—meant acquaintance with an unknown tribe, the Itogapuks. Six bronze-coloured warriors appeared. "None of these . . . had either the oblique eyes or Mongolian features of the usual Amazonian savage. Their hair was cut in a thick fringe all round, and was decorated with short lengths of split cane. Around their waists, ankles, wrists, arms, and shoulders were cane or reed bands, and from the one round the top of the arm feathers stood up like epaulettes. With the exception of these curious adornments, a necklace of seeds, and endless thin rings of black paint round the legs, they were completely naked. . . . The two most character-

istic features were their blood-shot eyes and pierced upper lips, both of which had their explanation in anthropophagous practices. . . . Other curiosities were cane rings worn on the second finger and loops of fine cord round the neck and waist but crossed in the centre. . . . It would be misleading to say that this tribe of savages appear to have cannibalistic tendencies. In the absence of definite proof it should be assumed otherwise, because cannibalism, in the fullest sense of the word, has so far not been proved against any tribe of the great Amazon forest. There is, however, little doubt that they are anthropophagous, and the evidence lies in their custom of drinking a cupful of the blood of certain animals killed, in the belief that by so doing they gain the strength,

cunning, or intelligence of their victim. In this respect they are similar to the Cashibos of the Ucayali and the Uaupés of the Uaupés river, who grind up the bones of enemies killed in battle, mix the powder into a thin paste with the fermented juice of fruit, and drink it to secure the strength or sagacity of the deceased but admired foe."

So to innumerable other matters of ethnological moment—the Uaupés, whose whole religion is based upon occultism, and centres round the devil-god Juripari, associated with a crude ritual that remains, in large measure, a mystery; the Tacunas, naked "and tattooed round the mouth to resemble the monkey"; the Yahuas, who

"dress in capes and skirts of grass, and are the descendants of those who, centuries ago, impressed Orellana . . . with the belief that he was being attacked by a fierce tribe of women warriors—the Amazons; the cannibalistic head-hunting Huambisas—and their gruesome, secret death-house for the mummification of bodies by smoke, and the reduction of human heads to the size of oranges, without distorting the features; the 'mosquito' Witos; the Ocainas, with their dyed and painted girls and children; the Nonuyas, eaters of human flesh, who, when their prisoners have been killed after having been fattened and given wives, chew and swallow parts of them—the brains to obtain wisdom or cunning, the heart to derive valour, and the right arm for strength; a remarkable story of the Carijonas' *yagé* preparations, which are claimed to have the power

to place anyone who takes them 'in a condition in which full consciousness is lost, and the sub-conscious mind is thus open to receive telepathic communication'; the bloodthirsty Cashibos (the vampire bats); who, so our author was told, slay and eat their aged, "because it is considered better to be devoured by a friend than by birds or beasts of prey"; the Chunchos, whose history is a sealed book; and the Ungoninos, whose aged and infirm are buried alive at their own request, upright, the eyes above the surface until after death!

Altogether, journalistic journeyings that yielded "copy" much to be envied; a book about which there will be much discussion; a revelation of the wild and its taming; an incentive to imitative daring, and a potent sign that the Age of Adventure has not faded to its end.

E. H. G.



A MYSTERY—BUT PROBABLY A TEMPLE: THE STRANGE ROCK OF INSCRIPTIONS ON THE ALTO PARIMÉ. The numerous inscriptions on the boulder, which was probably the sacred Rock Temple of the Indians dwelling about it, are believed to date from about 600 B.C., and there is reason to think that the rock saw many human sacrifices, offered in a cave on the right-hand side, which is large enough to shelter fifty horsemen.

Illustrations reproduced from "Among Wild Tribes of the Amazons," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

just as well, for "one of this tribe's favourite methods of ridding themselves of enemies is to dip a large number of palm needles in a strong poison and then to strew them, point uppermost, over the jungle paths used by their bare-footed victims. Even the half-caste rubber gatherers move continuously through the forest with bare feet, because of the hindering effect of foot-gear of any kind, the damp mould which forms over-night on leather, and the insects (termites) which will destroy a pair of riding boots in a few hours if inadvertently exposed to their activities." And at the end were more communal houses; "an unsavoury mess made of a kind of arrowroot, prominent among which were portions of a large frog"; a night orgy allied to moon-worship—and a quick retreat when gifts began to pan out and "cupboard love" waned at least as rapidly as it had waxed!

* "Among Wild Tribes of the Amazons." An Account of Exploration and Adventure on the Mighty Amazon and its Confluents, with Descriptions of the Savage Head-hunting and Anthropophagous Tribes Inhabiting their Banks. By Charles W. Domville-Fife. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co.; 21s. net.)

FINANCE AND FOREST: THE NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.



THE FINANCIERS WHO MAKE MONEY OUT OF THE FOREST TRAGEDY: BARON ZIMBOSCH (EDWARD RIGBY) AND BASTAPLE (FRANKLYN DYALL).



THE END OF THE EXPEDITION: STROOD (LESLIE BANKS), A SAVAGE, HERRICK (JOHN HOWELL), AND AMINA (HERMIONE BADDELEY).



THE BRUTAL BUT VALIANT LEADER FORCES THE CARRIERS TO CONTINUE THE JOURNEY: LESLIE BANKS AS JOHN STROOD.



AMINA IS PROTECTED FROM STROOD'S WRATH: STROOD, CAPTAIN LOCKYER (IAN HUNTER), AMINA (HERMIONE BADDELEY), AND SADIG (DAVID HALLAM).



AMINA'S AMAZING LEAP TO STAB STROOD: HERMIONE BADDELEY AND LESLIE BANKS.

Mr. Galsworthy's latest play, "The Forest," is set in strangely contrasting scenes, as it deals with the tragic adventures and sufferings of a band of explorers sent out into Central Africa, and with the skilful manner in which capitalists, seated comfortably in London, turn the death and failure of those brave men to material advantage on the Stock Exchange. The actual plot, and the manner in which the company despatches John Strood to investigate slavery in the Congo, and turns his agonies to advantage by publishing news of a "new diamond field" which he never reached, is complicated; but the irony is clear enough. We are shown what happened in the City, and what occurred in the forest. The scenes in Africa are most impressively staged, and the acting throughout is extremely fine. Strood,

the leader of the party, is a man of iron. He forces the native carriers to go on; when he finds Amina, the native girl, and suspects her of stealing, she is only saved from his brutality by the more humane members of the party; and one by one the men who make up the expedition meet their death. One is set on by savages, another dies by fever, and so on, until only John Strood and Herrick, the man whom Amina adores, survive. Herrick is murdered, and Amina imagines that Strood has allowed this tragedy to occur; so, with an amazing leap across the stage, she flings herself on him, and buries her dagger in his breast. So ends the adventure which is the lever with which Bastaple manipulates the market and coins a quarter of a million.



No. 2 "EDINBURGH CASTLE."

By GEORGE HENRY, R.A

LMS

IF Hans Andersen or Grimm had only lived in Scotland we might have had the *true* story of Edinburgh Castle instead of the heavy-footed version of the history books. He would have had the loveliest of all princesses living there—a princess who never slept on fewer than seventeen piled-up beds of softest swansdown. And over by Arthur's Seat, a mile away, would certainly have dwelt the fearsomest of dragons, hungrily awaiting his meal of maidens from the City below. St. Giles's would have resounded with tabarded heralds of the King proclaiming to the world his offer of half Scotland and all his daughter's hand to the gallant young fellow who would slay the beast.

Historians did miss their chance with Edinburgh Castle—built only for fairy romance.

But an artist has seized it. Mr. George Henry, R.A., has painted that Castle for the series of twenty advertising posters which the London Midland & Scottish Railway have commissioned from famous Academicians, and his version is the right one. His is a true fairy castle—a castle of derring-do and live-happy-ever-after. Seen from some low foreground of liveliest green it is poised against a sunlit sky. It gleams in sunlight; it oozes sunlight—so glowing as to bathe its walls and turrets in a trembling sun-haze of palest peat-smoke blue.

A wonderful picture—revealing an Edinburgh which one would fancy must be leagues and leagues, seas and seas away, instead of eight hours from Euston!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

PICTURESQUE history does not at present enjoy the best of reputations with serious historians, and the writer who attempts a graphic and human narrative gives hostages to the future. But of late there have been signs of a return to a livelier method in works that have not been altogether discredited by the critics. Even scholarly writers have taken the risk of being censured as mere purveyors of the "popular," and some of them have come off with flying colours.

They know, however, what perils they brave in the attempt, and one writer, at least, makes no secret of his predicament. That he happens to be a recognised authority on his subject only makes his case the more hazardous. He has the humour not only to confess it, but to let his readers know how solemnly he was advised by a brother expert, if not to avoid the primrose path of dalliance with the lighter mood, at least, if he would be so wanton, to atone as far as possible for his backsliding by a long and imposing array of footnotes indicating his authorities.

But Mr. Arthur Weigall, late Inspector-General of Antiquities to the Government of Egypt, will not be tempted to balance his unconventional treatment of the past by printing as many notes as possible, relevant or otherwise. He believes that the sooner this traditional jargon of scholarship is discarded, the better it will be for public education. To this principle he adheres in the new and revised edition of his "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA" (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.), a work of absorbing interest, in which the historian succeeds in his purpose of making the characters live. Those who are already familiar with the book will return to it with renewed pleasure, and those who do not already know it should lose no time in making its acquaintance. To make history read like a novel may be very reprehensible, but when a trained and careful scholar condescends to gild the pill, the results to popular education are the reverse of disastrous. It takes some courage for the expert to write books such as this, and the plain man to whom it is addressed ought to be grateful, however sadly certain pundits may wag their heads over a history that dares to be human.

At a time when the Egypt of remote antiquity is so much in view, it is a pleasant variant to turn to the comparatively recent epoch of Cleopatra. To call the Roman period "comparatively recent" is, by the way, only to echo Horace Smith in his "Address to the Mummy," in Belzoni's Collection, when he says—

I need not ask thee if that hand when armed
Had any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

But Mr. Weigall has also had his word about the remoter Egypt. About a year ago he gave us "THE GLORY OF THE PHARAONS" (Butterworth; 15s.), and, more recently, "TUTANKHAMEN AND OTHER ESSAYS" (same publisher and same price). From the last-named work I may recall a passage that reads rather curiously in the light of recent bureaucratic difficulties in the Valley of the Kings. The author expressed the view that archaeologists are much indebted to the Egyptian Government for permission to excavate at all. But it has been pointed out that the matter is in the nature of a sound business deal, not a case for gratitude. Both parties benefit equally. The excavators advance the cause of knowledge, and their reputation. The Egyptian Museum is enriched, and the works give employment and bring money into the country. It is a matter for fair play all round, and official embargoes are out of place and gratuitously vexatious. This indication of the official mind on a wrong tack must not be held to detract in any way from the value of Mr. Weigall's works, which make Ancient Egypt live again for the reader. Apropos, those who are interested in the subject should note another reconstruction, "TUTANKHAMEN, A STORY OF THE PAST," by Miss L. Eckenstein (Cape; 4s. 6d.), a book which condenses much knowledge into small compass, and treats it in a popular way.

History is not the only department of current letters in which one detects a growing disposition of writers to handle their material unconventionally. Among biographies of the moment, the most noteworthy, and one that is sure of a wide audience for its subject alone, if for nothing else, is Mr. Morley Roberts' "W. H. HUDSON, A PORTRAIT" (Nash and Grayson; 16s.). That the author should have chosen to depart from the orthodox form of biography is entirely in keeping with the life-story of a man so little orthodox as the great naturalist-philosopher, whose works have become a special literary cult. Hudson did not live in the blaze of publicity: he won his way gradually and quietly by pure merit and the force of a rare and great personality. That personality, which is implicit in every line Hudson wrote, has now been made explicit in coherent detail by an intimate friend.

It is a strange story of a strange life, about which there clung, and will always cling, some mystery. Of that Mr. Morley Roberts is well aware. He confesses that to "reckon up Hudson in intellectual terms would be a vain task. To build him up from his books, self-revealing as they may be, would give much, but leave more unsaid. There was something in his character which forbade him to abandon his soul to others. He kept it in a strong place, as those fabled giants in ancient myths kept theirs." Mr. Roberts first met Hudson in 1880, and for many years he felt that his friend could not be known, and when "at last it seemed

possible to pierce at rare moments his inscrutable reserve it was often my thought that any new seeming comprehension of him was rather some fresh failure in me than any real increase of understanding."

Yet with this handicap, the author of this "Portrait" has outlined just such a man as Hudson's writings suggest. Mr. Roberts came to his task with natural hesitation and misgiving. At that initial moment he set down his difficulties in a letter which he does well to quote, for it is the most adequate condensed portrait that will ever be achieved of this extraordinary genius. "He was a mystery. And yet so often crystal-clear. A jester and so serious: so fierce a critic and so ardent for his friends: so savage and so gentle: a caged hawk and a reed-bunting singing by a river."

The whole book does not go beyond that: it merely fills in details, and shows cause for the summing-up. To attempt this portrait required no ordinary courage; to carry it through required extraordinary courage, skill and tact. But Mr. Roberts had the right knowledge and the right sympathy. His work is as true in substance as his earlier account of another enigmatical man of genius; but this book, unlike the former, leaves the reader with no sense of discomfort that a friend has said more about a friend than friendship will permit.

If writers of history and biography illustrate a tendency to avoid beaten tracks, a similar restiveness is betraying

THE MONTH'S
MOST POPULAR NOVELS.

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|---|------------------------|
| "RECOMPENCE."
(Constable.) | By Robert Keable. |
| "AN ASTRONOMER AT LARGE."
(Melrose.) | By R. G. Thornton. |
| "SAYONARA."
(Collins.) | By John Paris. |
| "THE ROAD ROYAL."
(T. Fisher Unwin.) | By Carola Oman. |
| "PERISSA."
(Grant Richards.) | By S. P. B. Maia. |
| "THE COUNTERPLOT."
(Collins.) | By Hope Mirrlees. |
| "SPANISH LOVE."
(G. Bles.) | By Juanita Savage. |
| "TONY."
(Constable.) | By Stephen Hudson. |
| "SOLOMON THE UNWISE."
(Jenkins.) | By Anthony Upperton. |
| "THE TIMBER PIRATE."
(Duckworth.) | By Charles C. Jenkins. |

We have arranged with Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, of Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, to supply us each week with a list of books that were specially popular during the past month. These lists will be divided into different categories—Fiction, Memoirs, etc.—and will serve as a guide to our readers. The books are given in order of selling merit.

itself in the world of fiction. But here it is the readers that are showing impatience with what has become a beaten track in the modern novel. A woman correspondent has written to John O'London protesting against the prevailing fashion of novelists to occupy themselves with the darker side of human nature. She appeals to them "to leave us some hope, some encouragement, and a breath of wholesome air to breathe! There is enough sickness and misery and madness in our lives. Take us out of the mire and gloom, and show us something better than ourselves!" This distemper of current fiction is real; but I see no way out of it until some great master will arise to lead the way back to the optimistic novel.

To be cheerful and to look at the good side of humanity is now held to be weakly sentimental. The writer who would be hailed as "strong and true," must turn to hopeless gloom, if not to mere pornography disguised as science and philosophy. The worst of it is that so many of the writers who have brought this cloud upon life and letters are literary artists of excellent quality. They are praised in the market-place for their manner, even when their matter is most questionable, because the critics dare not be out of the movement. But it is not the critics who will do most to lift fiction out of the mud-heap. They can help by saying that the morbid is unnecessary and (more effective word) dull; but it is the novelist of great reputation who alone can rescue the novel from depression. The world requires a humourist of the first water, whose work will expose, not by direct attack, but by example, the absurdity of this dreary preoccupation with the back slums of the human mind.

Of half-a-dozen novels taken up at random, here are the subjects: (1) A half-demented family, the women of which complain that they are "trapped by life"; (2) An objectionable and futile young man's affair with a disreputable young woman; (3) A painful study of shell-shock; (4) A muddle of theology and sex, being the sequel to a former muddle of the same elements; (5) An amateur

novelist ruined by success in a prize-novel competition (a theme in some ways salutary); and (6) A promising love-story suddenly turned to needless tragedy, possibly because the author feared to sustain the pleasant note to the end.

After so many baulks, what is one to recommend? Perhaps the best way will be to get away from the present day altogether, to a period two thousand years ago, and read a romance of ancient Chinese commerce, and much more. The book is "SILK: A LEGEND," by Samuel Merwin (Constable; 7s. 6d.). It is adventurous, mysterious, and full of fine characterisation.

A book I am hoping to read gives rich promise of cheerfulness. It is Mr. C. E. Montague's new volume, which he describes as "A Book of Pleasures," although that is not the main title. It is said to be a book of the earth and the joy of living, a new sort of travel book, and it has been written in holiday humour. For this relief, much thanks. Mr. Montague is certainly a writer who has it in his power to do much to dispel the prevailing cloud of pessimism. If for the moment he is not writing fiction, it cannot be long before he returns to a craft in which his hand is so deft and his manner so pleasing. Meanwhile, every mouthful of fresh air in literature of any kind is more than welcome.

From the novel of China, just mentioned, it is no very abrupt transition to a little group of books about the Chinese game that has taken such a hold of the British and American public. It is to the Americans that the game owes its introduction into this country. The hand-books in question, which have been accumulating on my table for some time, are the following: "MAH JONG DO'S AND DON'TS," by Eileen Beck (Methuen; 2s.); "MAH JONG," by "East Wind" (Routledge; 2s.); "MAH JONG AND HOW TO PLAY IT," by Chiang Lee (De La Rue; 5s.); and "HOW TO PLAY MAH JONG," by Jean Bray (Putnam; 3s. 6d.). "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," saith the proverb; but that does not hold good for this marvellous game. I am no authority upon it, but it would appear that there is considerable diversity of opinion upon fine points.

One rule will recall to golfers the first question in "The Prestwick Caddy's Catechism," which begins "With what should a ball be teed?" The answer being not "With sand," as the greenhorn replies, but "With silence." Now according to one account, Mah Jong should be played "in silence"; while others contend that the players are free to declare. Perhaps there is deep Celestial subtlety here. What if it be the case that the declaration shall be made in dumb-show. The point is worthy the attention of the expert.

It has lately been put about that your best and most economical way to obtain a Mah Jong set is to suborn a friend in China to send you one. The land of Kai-Lung is, however, not so accommodating as regards tuition in the game; for it is understood that no Chinaman will care to teach anybody who has not already played for seven years. This is a hard saying. A seven years' apprenticeship before one is worthy to be instructed by the greatly accomplished player! The whole thing is a Celestial mystery, but very entertaining to read about, even if one has no intention of taking up the game.

To those who like books of travel and reminiscences, the current lists offer many attractions. One book of voyagings and land-faring has aroused the inquiry as to who is the farthest travelled among living women. The answer cannot be final, as no complete record can be laid on the table, but the writer of this particular volume must have a place very near the top. This is Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, author of "WANDERINGS IN SOUTH-EASTERN SEAS" (Fisher Unwin; 15s.), an excellent and most engrossing account of journeys and residences in many quarters of the globe. On the point of mere mileage covered, Mrs. Cameron's record will be hard to beat. One hundred and seventy thousand miles is well within the estimate of her totals for South America, Alaska and the Yukon, Africa and the Southern Seas. Mrs. Cameron is a shrewd observer with an eye for humour. She has picked up many good stories, illustrating national character, and she tells them well.

Another volume of travel and recollection by a woman is rather more of a Society chronicle than the foregoing book. It is "MY WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES," by Lady Norah Bentinck (Fisher Unwin; 15s.). Lady Norah writes of the inner circle of English Society, of Continental and Egyptian experiences, and she has many interesting things to say about interesting people. It is not surprising that the book is having a great success. It will appeal to all classes by its kindly tone, and a Socialistic age must be gratified to hear that "all the nicest people travel third class." Does this mean that the nicest people have perforce come down to the Parliamentary fare, or that the traditional third-class travellers are the real desiderables of the earth? A pleasant book, inditing a good matter. To conclude with yet one more recent volume of memoirs. Here is a book by an eminent musician, Mr. Cyril Scott, who writes of his student days and of other matters interesting to himself and here made interesting to his readers in "MY YEARS OF INDISCRETION" (Mills and Boon; 15s.). Mr. Scott is never very indiscreet in what he has to say about the distinguished people (not all musicians) whom he has met; but, if the dish is not salted to bitterness, that makes it only the more palatable.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

VILLAGE PLAYERS.—CHAPLIN AS FILM-PRODUCER—"THE RAT."

MR. WILL MEADE, the Penshurst saddler, is likely to make history. He has discovered, perhaps in the wake of Thomas Hardy's Dorset Players, that the dead winter evenings are not filled by the inn, the brass-band, and the occasional ballad-concerts by the local choir. If there are good singers around, why not seek players, and, in a way, get up a kind of Village Repertory Theatre? So, as we have all read, he wrote a play entirely his own, picked

life, from the squire and the parson to the labourer who feels the flame of Hephaestus smouldering in his bosom. In France and in Germany—think of Oberammergau—the village play is a time-honoured institution, and latterly the movement has spread to Switzerland. On summer days there are given fancy plays, as well as classics in open-air theatres on the banks of the lakes; and some of these performances are so attractive that visitors flock to them from neighbouring cantons and help to make the experiment a financial as well as an artistic success.

There is no reason why the good example set by Mr. Will Meade should not be eagerly followed. Surely there is as much histrionic talent among the rural population as among the Society amateurs in the great cities. And the very thought that now and then a play will banish the deadly dullness of the winter evenings, and enliven small communities by the feverish activity of rehearsals and all that a "show" means, should stimulate the new movement throughout the counties of the land.

Whatever may be said of the story of "A Woman of Paris," Charles Chaplin's new film at the Tivoli—and opinions differ considerably—as a production it has great merits. For one thing, Chaplin's principle seems to be: let the pictures tell their own tale. Away with tiresome "captions" (formerly called sub-titles), their lengthy information (often in doubtful grammar), their attempts at jokes, and their usurpation of the plan of action. So easily is the story told in direct narrative that here and there a few words suffice to establish the missing links. At one point, when the lover meets his long-lost Marie, now a radiant figure in the easiest way of Paris, the one word "Well!" thrice repeated, graphically condenses what is going on in both his and his mother's souls. Their facial expressions tell the rest—astonishment, wonder, doubt.

And over and over again we meet this terseness of argument, which kindles our interest instead of wearying it, as under the old system. Another quality is the minute accuracy with which Chaplin, in Los Angeles, has not only reconstructed the Paris *milieu* of restaurant life and dancing cabarets, but selected his types, so that we see the real people—the *rastas* as well as the *cocottes*, the *cuisiniers* as well as the *maitres d'hôtel*.

Within an ace the traveller who knows his Paris of pleasure would mistake the interpreters for the good Samaritans he is wont to address with the freedom of an habitué by their Christian names. The whole surroundings have a familiar touch—they scent of Paris.

The Chaplin fantasy and humour, too, come out at every point. When Marie leaves her home, and at the station, after waiting in vain for her lover, takes the train to Paris, there is no actual train in sight: a shadow passes by the station-windows—it is the train rushing in, in the morning haze, and the illusion is daring yet complete. Such is Chaplin's fantasy; and then a touch of humour, one of many. Marie, now richly installed by a beau of fortune, would give up this life of bondage and marry her young lover. She sighs for home, husband, children. Then the rich man opens the window and shows her domestic bliss—a woman crossing the street with three crying, wrangling children whom she pulls by the limbs and hair—domestic bliss! What a farce!

There is pathos too: in Marie and her young lover's mother—the Magdalen and the Saint—uniting hands over the dead body of the boy who has shot himself in the madness of love and jealousy; and in the finish, when these two women devote their lives to the welfare of little children—the mother to seek solace, the ex-courtesan to work out expiation. And so the end, if not wholly happy or conclusive, is at least consoling.

Needless to say that under the eye of a master the photography is perfect and the effects of light and shade admirable. The chief characters are all portrayed with great skill. Miss Purviance as Marie

has all the luxurious *allures* of the great *demi-mondaine*, yet now and again the real woman comes out in tenderness and natural charm. Adolphe Menjou is the perfect type of the *homme à femmes*, elegant, hard, sardonic, correct to a fault, yet *au fond* a heartless creature who knows how to buy love and to pay for it.

I wonder where Chaplin found his story. Here and there one recalls pages of Alphonse Daudet's "Jack." It is a strange mixture of realism and facile romance, but it holds the onlooker because it is dramatically told, and not merely Parisian in name.

The gods have been kind to Ivor Novello. They have showered on him many graces of mind and person, and, probably anxious not to waste such good material, they have rounded off their work by giving him ambition. His recent fine performance in the film-play, "The Man Without Desire," is abundant proof that he was not content to rely only on a fine profile, but meant to master the art of the screen—and did. Ambition is always interesting. Mr. Novello took me out to Stratford to see "The Rat," now touring the provinces with immense success. It is an open secret that the author's pseudonym, "David Lestrangle," hides two identities—Miss Constance Collier's and Ivor Novello's; and a very useful melodrama they have turned out between them. But it might have been so much more. There is an excellent theme in this story of the Parisian underworld, and the passion of a *grande courtesane*, creature of luxury, for the good-looking Apache, the king of the "White Coffin." Handled with a little more strength, a little more genuine humanity, the play might have stepped from melodrama to drama. As it is, "The Rat" loses its grip as it proceeds, because the characters lack reality. Mr. Novello himself sustains the title-rôle. To say that he has reached the same level on the stage as he has on the screen would be idle flattery, of no use to a young actor of his capacity. He has voice, personality, a sense of humour, and the invaluable gift of naturalness. What he lacks is power, especially in his big moments. The Rat, we gathered, was not only a petty thief and a pretty dancer; he possessed a sturdy independence and his own unassailable ideas. Rouse these, and you roused not a rat but a tiger. Ivor Novello probably felt all this, but his anger, as he conveyed it, seemed shrill; his emotion a trifle shallow. If Mr. Novello succeeds in adding



A GOD-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: MISS ILEANA LEONIDOFF-MASSERA, OF THE ITALIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Ileana Leonidoff-Massera is "prima ballerina" of the Royal (Costanzi) Opera House at Rome. She is not only the principal dancer in the Italian Ballet which opened a short season at Covent Garden on March 10, but she also devised ten selected ballets and arranged their choreography. They include "Scherzo Veneziano" (or "The Caprices of Columbine"), with special music by Respighi; "Cavadenti" ("The Dentist"), "Autunno," "Pirrica," and "La Tragedia del Dottor Balanzon." Her partner is Signor Vincenzo Celli, of the Scala Theatre, Milan.

the likeliest among his friends, took them in hand, and gave a performance which was so good that even professional critics spoke of it in genuine praise.

He now wants to continue the spade-work, and to see it pursued in every village where there is a fair-sized hall, adaptable to a stage, and a man ready to select the plays and the actors; or, if there is no villager to be found to undertake the production, he hopes that some regular actor of the London stage will come forward to execute the task. That the latter idea is likely to fall on fertile ground is proved by the experiments at Shepperton-on-Thames, where, under the guidance of Mr. Malcolm Morley, the actor-critic, a series of revivals of modern plays is in active preparation, with the whole community watching coming events with great interest.

Mr. Meade has confided to an interviewer that the ideal plan would be for the villagers to write their own plays, and thereby create a kind of folklore; but that may be a dream the realisation of which rests on the knees of the gods. Not every village possesses an artisan endowed with the gift of the artist. But his next ideal is more easily fulfilled. He suggests that the authorities of villages where there is a public library should vote a little sum for the establishment of a play-department—especially of plays of small compass demanding but a small cast and little scenery. For he contends that, at any rate at the beginning, very simple plays should be given, so that regularity of rehearsals could be ensured and the production would not become so complicated. He also advises that, in preference, no plays of the Mayfair-Society type be chosen, lest the villagers should fall short of the embodiment of characters foreign to their nature and their walk of life.

Withal it is an excellent idea, and one that will commend itself to all who are interested in village



PRIMA BALLERINA AND CHOREOGRAPHER OF THE ITALIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS ILEANA LEONIDOFF-MASSERA.

a deeper note—the note of real suffering—to his scale, he should go far. Youth is on his side, and there seems to be no reason why, with a little more experience, he should not develop that greater emotional power that goes to the making of a really fine actor.

MONOCLES AS ORNAMENTS FOR AFRICAN DANCERS: A LIBERIAN MODE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. HARRY SMITH.



WITH MONOCLE IN EYE IN TRUE BOND STREET STYLE: THE CHIEF DANCING GIRL AT AN INAUGURATION CEREMONY IN LIBERIA.



WEARING SPECTACLES AS ORNAMENTS: A GRACEFUL PAIR OF KROO DANCING GIRLS AT A LIBERIAN CEREMONY AT MONROVIA.



EACH CARRYING A GOLD COIN IN HER MOUTH, AND ADORNED WITH GOLD HEAD-DESS AND ARMLETS, ELABORATE NECKLACE, BELT OF LEOPARDS' TEETH, AND MONOCLE OR SPECTACLES: A PICTURESQUE GROUP OF KROO DANCING GIRLS AT MONROVIA, THE CAPITAL OF LIBERIA.

Among the Kroo dancing girls of Liberia, as these picturesque photographs show, eye-glasses in the form either of a monocle or spectacles are worn as personal ornaments. "The photographs were taken," writes Mr. Harry Smith, who sent them to us, "at the Inauguration ceremonies of President C. B. D. King and Vice-President H. T. Wesley at Monrovia, Liberia, on January 7, 1924. . . . The head-dress, armlets, and some of the other decorations (in the costumes of the Kroo dancing girls) are of gold. Each girl carries a gold coin in her mouth. Other ornaments are beads and leopards' teeth. The eye-glasses are worn for adornment only and not for bad sight." The

Liberian Republic, we may recall, originated in an effort to make a national home for freed American slaves. "In 1822," says the "Statesman's Year-Book," "a settlement was formed on the west coast of Africa near the spot where Monrovia now stands. On July 26, 1847, the State was constituted as the Free and Independent Republic of Liberia. . . . The indigenous natives belong in the main to six principal stocks: (1) The Mandingos (Muhammadan); (2) the Gissi; (3) the Gola; (4) the Kpwele; (5) the Kroo negroes and their allies; and (6) the Greboes. The Kroo tribes are mostly pagan. . . . Monrovia, the capital, has, including Krootown, an estimated population of 6000."



THE WORLD OF WOMEN

MR. North-East Wind and Mrs. Flu are working their evil will without respect of persons. The King and the Queen have had colds. Happily, their Majesties are well again, but colds have to be pretty severe to prevent our conscientious head of the State and his splendid Consort from keeping their engagements. Everywhere one went last week it was a case of apologies for important absentees who were victims of the wicked pair named above. One woman who had emerged from their clutches said cheerily, "Well, I've had a rest; I've done a lot of thinking; and I'm well in time for the early spring model shows." A man who never even developed a temperature declared a second opinion must be had—he was so very ill. His wife diplomatically said she would arrange it in the morning. The sufferer turned up to breakfast in golfing kit, and came home after two rounds full of his games and quite forgetful of his overnight desperate condition. The much talking

taking up one end of the apartment, are survivals from the Leconfield régime, as is the wide frieze showing cupids riding on dolphins. For the rest, a cheery-coloured chintz for coverings and cheery-looking curtains are used, and all is delightful. The book-case is, I believe, to be filled with all the best-known books about gardens and gardening. There were hundreds of people at the party, and they all seemed to approve greatly of the club. There is a lift, of course, and all modern appliances for comfort.

We are all for ideals these days in politics, in religion, in dress, and, above all, in home. Consequently, pilgrimages to the Ideal Homes Exhibition were the fashion last week. Apparently peas, in their unboiled state, in the pilgrims' shoes were not wanting. It was found interesting—but oh, so exhausting! Half an hour at a time would be ideal; three hours proved horribly real. For the British Empire Exhibition, to which we are all looking forward next month (strikes permitting), there are to be easy methods of transport which sound ideal. No one, however, with heads screwed on the right way and containing the right kind of grey matter, will make long days of it at Wembley. The exhibits promise such variety, such interest, such wonderment and enjoyment that the wise will take them in carefully measured doses. Being brain-weary is quite as bad as being limb-weary.

The mannequins were very much on dress parade last week. A real dress lover said that the day dresses, for once in a way, impressed her more than the evening frocks. This was at an establishment whereat the models are not merely French; some of the most charming are English. It would seem, therefore, that the designing has been done with a view to an outdoor season, which we all hope it will be. Surely the weather will reward us by a warm summer after our long, cold, dull winter. The slim silhouette is decidedly the smart thing, and if height is added it is charming. Dainty little ladies do not affect it so successfully. I hear of many ways of thinning down for this last word in fashion. One is to go four whole days without food in each month. A man told of it says he hopes, if his wife adopts this method, she will spend her fast days in bed, because she is always cross when she is hungry! There is great choice in processes, and it is rather amusing to hear women getting quite heated over their particular plans for losing flesh. The truth is that dear Mamma Nature has a lot to do with it, and some women can no more lose flesh than some men can lose money, and some women cannot make flesh any more than some men can make money.

Men have a hankering after the slim silhouette, too. An important figure at a recent wedding, who might be described as the mould of form, had successfully attained it not altogether without the aid of well-cut corsets. I hear that the very exclusive tailors for the men who are the favourite partners at dances have their skilled corset-makers. It is up to these artists to secure the perfect fit of perfectly cut clothes. The result is very charming to the feminine eye; but man, take him all round, is a self-indulgent animal, and won't suffer the discipline of compression long, so his silhouette will be apt to get out of bounds. His habiliments are less accommodating than ours in disguising the consequent results, and so the slim silhouette in male fashions will be for the small minority, at which a large majority will smile loudly, and frequently with possibly a slight sour-grapes sort of feeling.

A well-tailored overblouse of crêpe-de-Chine, designed and carried out by Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W.

The Prince of Wales's love for horses and riding was demonstrated once more by the fact that he was riding in the Row with an Equerry, with his right arm strapped up. It has been said that his Royal Highness meant to ride in the Grand Military this month at Sandown. That was before he broke his collar-bone, and now we all hope that he will give up that intention, if he ever had it. The Sandown steeplechase course is tricky, and the field is usually a big one. A slight accident to our Prince made us shiver in our shoes, and no one wants him to risk another, which might be more serious. A. E. L.



Thoroughly practical for tennis enthusiasts is this fascinating frock of white crêpe-de-Chine, hand embroidered, and outlined in vivid jade green. It must be placed to the credit of Walpole Brothers.

and more writing of the prevailing illness has made us all nerry about it. Now the sun has reappeared and the air is keen and fresh, the good pair will, we hope, beat off the bad pair.

The Garden Club has a nice name and a beautiful home in 9, Chesterfield Gardens. There was an inaugural afternoon party there last week, when everyone present admired the fine big first-floor reception-rooms in their cheery hedge-sparrow-egg blue and deep ivory tones. There is an air of comfort and homeliness about the club that is in happy harmony with its spacious luxuriousness. There are bed-rooms, too, which makes membership a great convenience for people who like to come up to town occasionally, and who so often find—and will this year certainly find—difficulty in securing rooms. The library at the Garden Club is a particularly restful and charming room. The great fireplace and overmantel of some highly polished carved wood resembling black marble, and the great book-case to match,



Pure heavyweight crêpe-de-Chine makes the neat tennis frock on the left, and shell-pink voile, opening on a white pin-tucked panel, the graceful affair on the right. Sketched at Walpole Brothers'. (See page 466.)



DEWAR'S



THE WHISKY OF LOGICAL CHOICE

Logic insists on DEWAR'S. It has an old age reputation to safeguard and a discriminating world patronage to please constantly. And it unfailingly does it through a time-tested knowledge of blending and gigantic matured stocks.

Fashions and Fancies.

The Simpler the Frock, the Gayer the Scarf.

worn this spring.

Unnecessary trimmings that will break the slender silhouette are strictly banished from the simple suits which Paris ordains shall be in many of the most delightful models, however, are introduced gaily coloured handkerchiefs and scarves, thrown with careful negligence over the shoulder in a variety of amusing ways, thus adding a piquant note to the most austere frock. Sketched on this page are some of the lovely scarves and handkerchiefs destined for this purpose which are to be found at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. First, the much-favoured Batik handkerchief in the centre. Batik is that effective printed material which appears to have a background covered with tiny veins, and the colour schemes obtained are really beautiful. These handkerchiefs range from 29s. 6d.; those in hand-painted crêpe-de-Chine are 45s. 6d.; in printed georgette, 21s. 9d.; in voile, 21s.; and in silk, such as the one shown forming a double collar, only 18s. 9d.—each measuring thirty-six inches square. The long scarf shape is equally effective, flaunting gaily from the shoulders of severe *tailleurs* or demure jumper suits. The fascinating Tutankhamen scarf shown on the left of this page is carried out in lovely Egyptian colourings on hand-blocked crêpe-de-Chine. It may be purchased for 39s. 6d. in several different hues on a white background. The scarf on the right has a black background, and boasts a vivid patterned border. It is of printed crêpe-de-Chine, and costs 47s. 6d. Another attractive spring caprice is the wearing of quaint waistcoats under the coat, and in these salons are some most alluring gilets of soft suède, hand-embroidered

in check designs and completed with tiny pockets, for 6½ guineas. In brocades of every description, they range from 29s. 6d.

Frocks for the Tennis Season.

Delightful tennis frocks of crêpe-de-Chine, so perfectly made that they preserve the slimmest of silhouettes and yet allow perfect freedom of movement during the game, are to be found at Walpole

buttons running down the side, is of pure heavy-weight crêpe-de-Chine, and costs 6½ guineas. Another attractive design is a jumper suit of white British washing crêpe-de-Chine, completed with striped collar and cuffs. The stripes are repeated in a narrow band appearing on one side of the skirt and continuing half-way up the jumper. The price is 5 guineas. On the extreme right of the page is portrayed a charming little summer frock of voile, the straight bodice and tucked skirt opening on a pin-tucked panel of white. The amount required is 63s.; and 45s. 9d. purchases the well-cut overblouse of white crêpe-de-Chine, completed with three box-pleats. It must not be forgotten that Walpole Brothers specialise in simple but exquisitely cut blouses and over-blouses of every description.

Spring Fashions in Upholstery.

At this date in the calendar,

builders and decorators are very much in evidence, busily carrying out sundry renovations to greet the spring; and consequently discussion is rife on the subject of new furnishing and upholstery schemes to make the interior of the house correspondingly bright. In this matter Rexine leathercloth is a never-failing ally for all upholstery. It has the appearance of leather, but costs considerably less, and does not soil readily. A light sponging from time to time is all that is necessary to keep it in perfect condition, and the large variety of grains and colourings obtainable renders the matching of any colour-scheme a simple and pleasant task. Rexine leathercloth can be secured at any furnishing house of prestige.

Novelty of the Week.

Conveniently matching several frocks, reversible evening bags of accordion-pleated georgette in two contrasting shades can be secured for 29s. 6d. They contain all necessary fittings, and on application to this paper full details will be given.



A trio of fascinating scarves and handkerchiefs, which may be studied at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. Black and white Batik makes the one in the centre; black crêpe-de-Chine, with a vivid-patterned border, that on the left; and printed silk introducing purple, petunia, and grey-blue nuances the handkerchief collar on the right.

Brothers', 87, New Bond Street, W., who are responsible for those pictured on page 464, or at their branches at 108, Kensington High Street, W., or 175, Sloane Street, S.W. On the left is a fascinating affair from Paris made of white crêpe-de-Chine, hand-embroidered and outlined in jade, turquoise, or Burgundy; while the side pleats and amusing patch-pockets are both effective and practical. It may be secured for 5½ guineas. The second frock, with its neat line of pearl

Tints of terra-cotta, emerald, and orange, relieved by subtle touches of black, appear in this scarf, which was sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.



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PRICE 39/6



N. 13

N. 13.—Practical Sports Coat made of novelty tweed with Jacquard effect. The feature of this coat is the cross-over belt in front. In many attractive colourings.

PRICE 69/6



N. 15

N. 15.—The new "Schinavella" sports material, very light in weight. This coat is cut with the long roll collar, giving a graceful line, inset sleeves. In many shades of browns, greens and greys.

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J. SCOTT

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE advent of broadcasting must have suddenly increased the numbers of listeners to music in London a hundredfold. I will not say that it has increased the musical public; that is by no means so easy. But all the purchasers of crystal or valve sets, and riggers of "aerials," who have succumbed to the lure of tapping the atmosphere and listening to its whispers—whether by purchase of one of the ingenious instruments manufactured and sold by various electrical companies and engineers, or by turning the mechanical genius of one of the family on to the job—are obliged perforce to listen nightly to concerts. Ladies and gentlemen, excellently trained, warble every evening into the atmosphere, like so many nightingales, and hundreds of thousands of respectable citizens, their feet on the mantelpiece or their knitting on their laps, doze to the aerial murmurs which reach them out of space.

Many enterprising spirits have tapped Paris, Rotterdam, and Brussels; a few have listened to a concert organised in America "for the benefit of Great Britain"—musical, not financial benefit! Unfortunately, in this, the first event of the kind in history, the Atlantic interfered. What is called in broadcasting jargon "atmospherics" intervened, so that the voice of America was not all it should have been. It moaned, groaned, whined, roared and shivered. Possibly, but I am not an electrical expert, what we heard was the Atlantic Ocean, the waves tumbling and moaning, and the wind whistling. Personally, I would just as soon listen to the Atlantic Ocean as to an American choir singing "British Grenadiers"; but I have no doubt that the Atlantic Ocean will sooner or later be outwitted, and that the voice of America will reach us as pure and undiluted as the voice of the British Broadcasting Company.

Apart from the nightly concerts organised at the studio of the British Broadcasting Company, there has already been given at Westminster Hall a public symphony concert, arranged by the B.B.C., and conducted by Mr. Percy Pitt. By the time these lines are in print, the second Broadcast Symphony Concert at the same hall, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, will have taken place, and we may look to see these public symphony concerts become a regular part of the B.B.C.'s programme. There is not the slightest doubt that this is going to introduce good music to thousands of people who have never been to a symphony

concert, and never even heard of one. The advertising or publicity possibilities of broadcasting are so great as to strike every intelligent person with horror. What is going to defend us from all the businesses of the world deafening our ears day and night with the clamouring announcements and proclamations of their wares? Nor will their methods long remain so crude as to be readily detected. It is possible that we shall not be subjected to hearing the "announcer" introduce to us a vocalist and song as follows: "Stand by! London calling! Song: 'Pearls' (Blankem's), by Miss Susan Simpkins (reared on Dashed)!" And no doubt no respectable singer would go so far as to incorporate advertising matter into the text of her song. We are, perhaps, not likely to hear: "Abide with me—and let's furnish at Armoire's." Yet I confess to a constitutional dislike of this music *en gros*. In trade, the wholesaler has always lorded it over the retailer, although not with reason, even then; but certainly in the arts, the wholesaler is the inferior. He is the factory compared with the individual skilled craftsman. He has to cater for the multitude, and in catering for the multitude he is reduced to the lowest common denominator. He cannot study the taste and temperament of any one individual; but it is only by making for an individual that the workman can do his best. There must be an active connoisseurship meeting his craftsmanship unless he is working entirely for himself and he is both craftsman and connoisseur—which, of course, is what the great original geniuses have been.

But there is, unfortunately, no suggestion that the British Broadcasting Company is going to broadcast music for its own private pleasure, or for the private pleasure of its managing director or autocrat. I say "unfortunately," because, provided its autocrat were a man of taste, this would be an admirable principle. It is practically certain, however, that the B.B.C. will give the public what the public wants, or, rather, what it thinks the public wants; and so we shall get repeated once more—only on a larger and more damaging scale—the familiar descent into futility and nothingness, ending in the collapse of broadcasting. For the public is not such an ass as really to want what it brays for. It is too ignorant and inexperienced to know what it wants, but too instinctively wise to be satisfied with what it demands.

It also seems to me that the B.B.C. is not altogether well advised in the choice of its programmes. At its first symphony concert, the principal orchestral item

was Vincent D'Indy's "Istar" variations. Vincent D'Indy is a considerable figure in France; he is the great disciple of César Franck, and his "Scuola Cantorum" has had great influence; but he is not a very great or a particularly lucid composer. "Istar" is dramatic music, complex in harmony, and ill-suited to the present technical resources of broadcasting. Whether by crystal or valve, music is transmitted as yet very imperfectly. All "thick" harmony degenerates by wireless into a mere noise, and D'Indy's harmony is very thick, not to say muddy. All very fast passages become blurred in the lower registers, and the bass tends always to become a meaningless rumble.

In the next symphony concert, Sir Landon Ronald is conducting Elgar's Second Symphony. I know of few works less suitable for broadcasting in its present state of development than this. Elgar is another composer whose music tends to the thick and turgid. His Second Symphony is very thick, not to say clotted, in harmony—some people would call it rich—and very emotional. Much of it will reach the auditors as a mere confusion of noises. It would have been far more sensible to give his Violin Concerto, for the violin, of all instruments, goes best by wireless, as it does on the gramophone, and Elgar's Violin Concerto, incidentally, is a far finer work than his Second Symphony.

The British Broadcasting Company would be well advised to choose the music for its symphony concerts from the classics. Schubert, for example, would go very well by wireless. I should even go myself to a friend who has a "set" if I knew Schubert's wonderful C major or B minor Symphony was going to be played. Three or four Mozart symphonies ought to be given; also some of Haydn's, and Brahms' Second Symphony, and the Beethoven Symphonies. All these would sound far better from the "loud-speaker" than any modern works. I also recommend the B.B.C. to do more chamber music, which is far more suited to broadcasting than is orchestral music. Schubert's Octet, for example, is one of the many works that ought to be given. Finally, the B.B.C. should make a speciality of violin concertos. Miss Margaret Fairless is one of our very best English violinists, and the Company would do well to engage her to play all the famous concertos from Corelli to Elgar. What the B.B.C. needs is a little individuality, and it should beware of surfeiting its public with large quantities of indigestible modern British music.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE SEASON OF THE OPEN ROAD.

THOUGH we are still apparently in the lap of winter, now is the time when the thoughts of all good motorists turn towards the open road. Many of us, it is true, use our cars the year through, but

leave too much to chance. Nowadays nearly everybody has a fair working knowledge of car mechanism, while quite a further number think they have. Therefore, to begin to tell people what they ought to do to get the car ready for the road seems a little like indulging in the time-honoured task of teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. All the same, I think a few hints on what is really the minimum that should be done to ensure motoring pleasure in the future need not necessarily be out of place.

make it a rule to do every job that is necessary as and when it needs to be done; but just about now I go very carefully over every detail. First of all, the car is jacked up and all the wheels and hubs removed, cleaned, and thoroughly greased. While they are off, the brake-actuating mechanism is carefully examined, and if there are worn parts these are renewed and the whole put into proper order. All spring shackle-pins are examined, and if one or more show signs of undue wear they are renewed by new ones of slightly larger size, the holes being carefully reamed to take them. In particular, I make certain that all oil and grease channels are clear.



AN INDIAN PRINCE AS OWNER-DRIVER: THE RAJAH OF SANTOSH AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE IN CALCUTTA, BESIDE THE STATUE OF LORD CURZON, EX-VICEROY.

I really doubt if, in a winter like the one we are even now experiencing, we get as much pleasure out of motoring as we are wont to think. For my own part, I love motoring, but I confess that when the roads are snow-covered and frozen to the danger-point, there is a strong appeal to the fireside to be contended with when one is trying to make up one's mind to take the road. So that the car often remains in the motor-house, and we do little odd jobs of work which would otherwise be left until now, the season of the annual stock-taking and overhaul in preparation for the fine motoring days to come.

Motoring is not the seasonal pastime it was a few years ago, nevertheless. The main reason for this is the increased reliability of the car, which has become a real utility vehicle instead of one for occasional pleasure jaunts. Even so, for one reason and another, quite a large proportion of cars are laid up during the winter months, for causes many and varied. They only see the open road between Easter and the end of the autumn; the rest of the year they spend jacked up and sheeted in the motor-house. The present silly system of taxation has a good deal to do with this. What is the use, the individual argues, of paying heavy taxes for a possible few fine days' driving during the first quarter of the year? Obviously, unless the car is used for business or professional purposes, the answer must be that it is very little use at all; and so the Government loses three months' revenue and the motorist the use of his car. There is no doubt the tax is unreasonably high, and, like all excessive imposts, tends to defeat itself. People will evade it in every possible way; and, as the only way to get round the motor tax is by laying up the car, that course is adopted in a large proportion of cases.

Talking about taxation, I wonder if there is the slightest chance of any reduction being made this year? Personally, I think not, although in common fairness it ought to be reduced. I believe it might have been reduced last year if it had not been for the forlorn fight waged against the basis of the tax by the A.A., long after it was perfectly clear that the Government's mind was absolutely made up that there should be no reversion to the fuel tax. No doubt the A.A. acted for what it thought the good of the motorist; but the net result of its agitation was the reappointment of the Committee on Taxation to inquire afresh into the whole question. How the resumed inquiry degenerated into a screaming farce is now a matter of history. All that was accomplished was to put back indefinitely any prospect of relief. However, that is, I fear, very much by the way for the moment. We are still saddled with the crushing impost of £1 per rated horse-power, and there looks to be no chance of an alteration for the better.

Still, at this time of year, when the promise of spring should be in the air, we do not want to brood over our wrongs. Rather should we be thinking of putting the car in first-class order for the days to come. Now, I am inclined to think that too many car-owners, such is the reliability of the present-day motor-car,



AT A PICTURESQUE HOSTELRY IN THE ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE: A 14-H.P. CROSSLEY LEAVING THE OLD BELL INN AT WALTHAM ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR WINDSOR.

requires is a very careful and competent examination. Of course, if the car can be spared and one does not mind paying, quite the best thing is to send the car to its makers, or to the British agents in the case of an imported vehicle, and let them put it in apple-pie order. They are experts on their own cars, and for their reputation's sake will exercise all possible care that the car is sent back as nearly new as they can make it.

That is a counsel of perfection which cannot be followed by all of us. In these hard times, we have to do a lot of our own work—and very interesting it is when one is really keen on cars and their upkeep. I have a set scheme of my own for the spring overhaul. It may not be the best, but it suits me, and I do manage to keep my car on the road every day of the year if I want to use it so much. Of course, I

What Must be Done.

Whether the car has been laid up altogether or not, there are certain tasks that really must be seen to before Easter and the opening of the touring season. Even if the car has been kept in use, it will not have been run the long mileages to which we are all looking forward presently. Furthermore, winter use will have found any weak spots that last summer and autumn failed to disclose, and the least the best of cars

On Chassis Lubrication.

While on this subject, it is in my mind that some little time ago I wrote in these pages condemning certain systems of grease-gun lubrication of the chassis. As I said then, I had tried on my car two very much advertised systems, and had decided to go back to the old-fashioned screw-down greasers as being much less trouble and, particularly in comparison with one system, less messy than the gun. Comparing notes on the subject with other experienced motorists, I found that I was not alone in my condemnation of some so-called trouble-saving greasing systems. But recently I was shown a car equipped with a system called the Tecalemit, which seemed to me to be about all it should be. I was so well impressed by it that I went along to the firm selling it and asked to be shown all about it, with the result that I have had it installed on my car. I would not say that it has made greasing a pleasure—it is never that—but it certainly has removed all the objections. There is simply a small hooked connector which one hooks to the greaser cap, using only one hand; and then, by screwing down the handle of the gun, an absolutely grease-tight joint is made, and the grease can go nowhere except through the bearing it is designed to reach. A system like the Tecalemit is really a boon to the owner-driver in particular. If I had not already installed it, I should certainly do so during the spring overhaul.

Other Detail Needs.

Now that we have the wheels off, we can also get at the steering connections to examine them for wear. Mine never give me any trouble, because I keep them well lubricated, for one thing; and, for another, they are all of the ball-and-socket type, in which the wearing surfaces are very large, and hence last out far better than those of the yoke type. In the latter, a good deal of wear will more than probably be found after a hard season's work; and where this is present, the yokes should be reamed true, and new pins fitted. It will pay in the end to do this rather than to take any risks at all. In fitting the pins, one should be especially careful to see that all nuts are well locked by split-pins, or some other approved device. I rather like the kind which has a flat on one side of the screwed portion to accommodate a tab-washer which turns down over the nut. It fixes the nut in position "for keeps."

The steering-box itself should come in for inspection. Almost every good car has some arrangement for taking up backlash in the

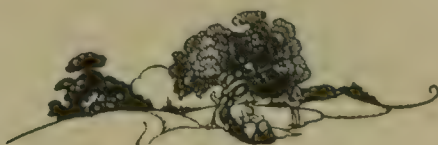
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EASILY CLIMBING NEWNHAM HILL, NEAR DAVENTRY, ON THIRD SPEED WITH FULL COMPLEMENT OF PASSENGERS: A 14-H.P. ROVER, WITH SALOON BODY OF THE NEW WEYMANN TYPE.

This type of body is covered with a waterproof and non-stretchable fabric, very durable and easy to clean. It is light in weight, and does not rattle.

The 14-40 h.p.
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Adjustable front seats	
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Tecalemit grease-gun lubrication

S. 14

I M P R O V E M E N T S

IN the current pattern of the 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall there are duralumin connecting rods, and a new shape of combustion chamber, as well as several minor touches of improvement. The better balance and smoother working of the engine

have wonderfully improved its performance, good as it was before. Indeed, the 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall is ranked by the "Daily Mail" Motoring Correspondent among the best six four-cylindere cars in the world, ignoring price.

P O W E R & E C O N O M Y

A power development of 40 b.h.p. endows the car with the flexibility that makes for easy driving, and the vigorous acceleration that gives zest to the

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From £895,
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£55 extra

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Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines)
London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit Street, W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6210)

30-98 h.p. Vauxhall
'Velox' four-seater
with four-wheel brakes,
£1220

Continued. worm-gear, and if any is present the necessary adjustment should be made. If this is unnecessary, it is a good plan to wash out the box thoroughly with paraffin, and renew the lubricant. While on this job, all the control-rods and rockers, which often pass down through the steering-columns and box, should be examined, and made good where necessary.

On the principle of finishing one job before tackling another, I always go all round the chassis details before going on to the engine and transmission details. Shock-absorbers receive attention and are cleaned, and, if necessary, refilled with castor-oil. All electric circuits connected with the lighting system are examined, and new wires fitted where necessary. Starting and ignition circuits are left until we come to the engine. By the time this is all finished, I am tolerably certain that the details enumerated are not going to give me a lot of trouble during the summer.

Gear-Box and Transmission.

The next job is to go thoroughly over the transmission. If the car has been well looked after and carefully driven, there ought not to be much to be done here, other than a thorough cleansing and refilling with fresh lubricant. In the case of cone clutches, it may be necessary to renew the lining, though, since the general use of Ferodo instead of leather linings, this is very seldom necessary. Universal joints should be well examined, and, if there is any wear to speak of, should receive attention. I have no fabric joints on my car; but, if I had, I think I should make a practice of putting in new ones as soon as wear or distortion became at all marked. In the case of the conventional hook universals, by all means fit new pins if any great wear is present. Wear in these joints means noise and loss of efficiency—loss which can be much more costly than the nominal expenditure entailed by fitting new pins.

The back-axle should be thoroughly washed out with paraffin, and carefully inspected for wear in the

bearings, particularly the ball, or roller-thrust bearings. It will seldom be present unless the car is a fairly old one; but, if it is, it is generally a job for a competent repairer to renew the bearings. It is not one that I

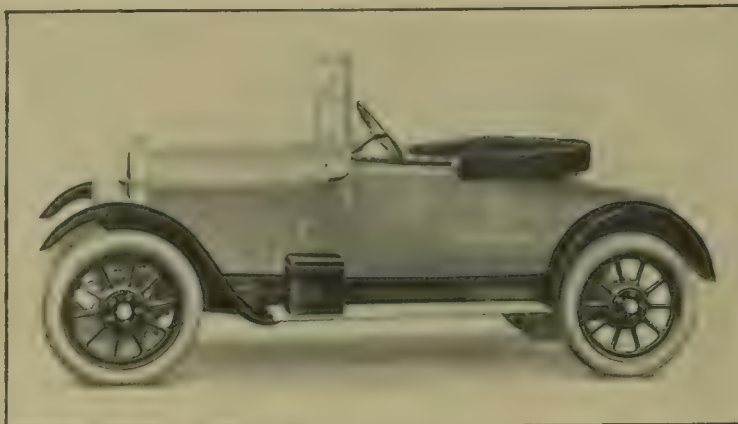
the brake-drums and shoes, may want renewing. This is a simple enough matter, even if one has to cut new felts.

Then the gear-box should be washed out and refilled with lubricant. At the same time, the shafts should be examined for wear in the bearings. Once again, if there is serious wear, the aid of the repairer should be called upon, unless the owner is a really competent mechanic. In any case, the car should not be commissioned again until the work has been carried out, else trouble is almost certain to ensue.

The Engine.

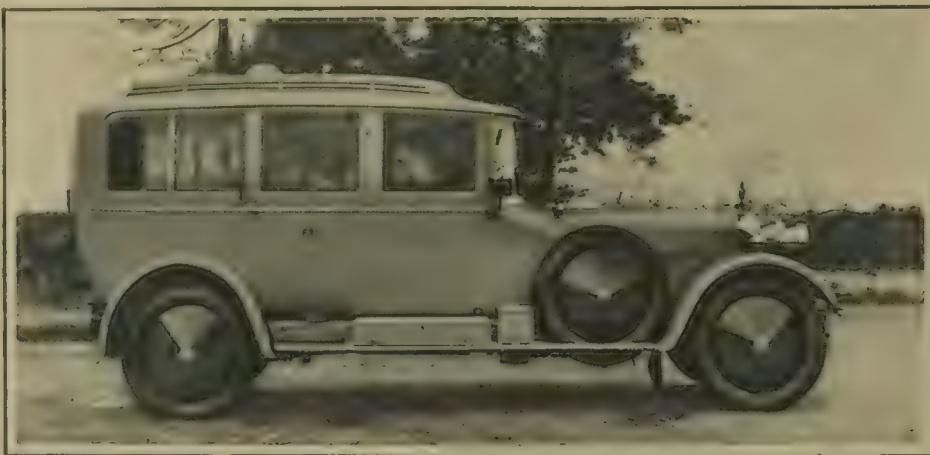
By the time we have finished all this—and it will take three or four strenuous week-ends of work—we may be fairly sure that we have got all the chassis and running-gear well into tune. So we next proceed to tackle the engine. Assuming that it has been running all right, we do not expect to find any trouble that we cannot unaided put in order. There is one criticism I have to make of the conventional manner of designing engines with detachable heads, and that is that it leads to a lot of neglect. We decarbonise at intervals, and grind in the valves when they seem to want it; but practically never do we lift off the whole cylinder block and make a job of it. I lift mine once a year. It is not enough, I admit; but what would you when the designer has made his motor with an easily detachable head, which we can lift and scrape the carbon from pistons and combustion spaces with the minimum of trouble? I usually find the piston-rings well gummed up with burnt oil and carbon, which ought really to have been scraped off six months before; and register a vow that I will have the block up at least every six months. But it never happens, and I am quite certain that the majority of owner-drivers are even more neglectful than am I. Anyway, when the job is in hand, have the whole block off, free and scrape the rings and their grooves, and fit new rings where the old ones show signs of leaking. At the same time,

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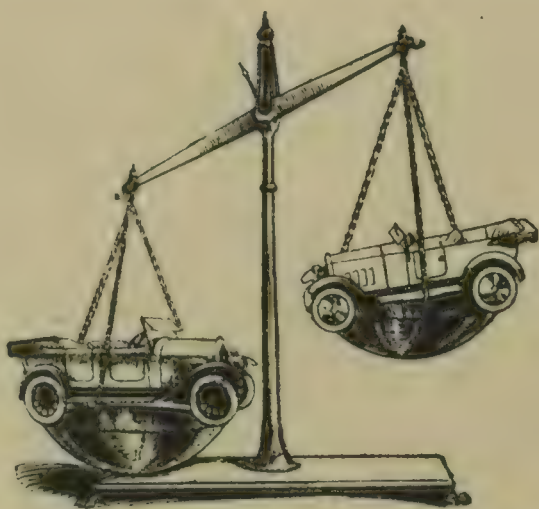


EXHIBITED ON STANDS 42-3 AT THE SCOTTISH MOTOR SHOW:
THE WOLSELEY "TEN" DE LUXE.

recommend the average amateur mechanic to undertake for himself. The oil-retaining washers at the axle-ends, which prevent oil being thrown out on to



AN INDIAN PRINCE'S CHOICE: A HANDSOME 40-H.P. LANCHESTER CAR
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NOTE first that the 14 h.p. Crossley is a high-grade full-size family car which will carry four or five passengers with ease anywhere a car can go. It has a road speed of well over 50 miles per hour, climbs almost any hill on top, and has a petrol consumption of at least 30 miles per gallon. The Rating of the engine, which is exceptionally flexible, is 15.6 h.p. The car is finely finished throughout.

Then consider the price, no more than that of many light small cars, which are unable to give one quarter of the comfort and service every owner of a 14 h.p. Crossley daily receives. It is easy to see why the 14 h.p. Crossley outweighs in value.

Touring Car - £395
De Luxe model - £430

14 h.p. - £395

Crossley

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It will be seen that the screens when not in use are packed away in a special receptacle behind the rear squab. They can be fixed in position without leaving the car or may be put away by the driver without disturbing his passengers in the rear seat.

Writing after a strenuous tour, when bad weather was encountered, a well-known motoring expert said "The All-Weather equipment is all that could be desired. Indeed, with the hood erected and the side windows in place, it comes as near to the saloon type of carriage as anything I have come across."

This is one of several distinctive features of the R.H. Car which will be dealt with in these columns. Full details obtainable from

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"FOURTEEN"

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£425

At £425 the Wolseley Fourteen undoubtedly represents the highest value ever offered in a modern car. It is a full-sized touring car, roomy, comfortable, and thoroughly well equipped with every necessary requirement. It gives a really first-class road performance, being particularly good on hills, and at the same time is very economical to run. It is beautifully finished in every detail, and upholstered in real English leather.

The equipment comprises: Electric starter, Electric lighting, including head lamps, side lamps on wings, and tail lamp; Autovac petrol feed; 815 x 105 Dunlop cord tyres, spare wheel and tyre, all-weather curtains, speedometer, clock, valances, spring gaiters, electric horn, foot rest, etc.



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 157, Piccadilly, W.
 Indian Depots: Bombay,
 Calcutta, Delhi, Madras.

Also supplied as

Two-seater	£445
Saloon	£695
Landaulette	£695

(Continued.)

one can test for play in the small and big ends. It may be that one or more of the gudgeon-pins may want renewing. If so, as a rule, over-size pins can



TWO PRODUCTS OF MESSRS. RUSTON AND HORNSBY, LTD.: A 20-H.P. CAR AND A CRANE NAVVY (SHOWING BUCKET ARM AND JIB) AT AN IRONSTONE QUARRY IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

be procured from the makers of the car, and can be carefully fitted; but this is another case in which the average motorist will be well advised to enlist expert help. The same is to be said about big-end and main bearings. If there is serious play, don't try tricks—get a good mechanic to take them up. It is very likely to be cheaper in the end.

While we have things opened out, we can drain the oil-sump and wash it out thoroughly with paraffin, afterwards with petrol. Be careful to see that all the paraffin is drained out before putting in fresh oil, because paraffin is a cutting agent, and is bad for bearings. When this is finished, attention can be turned to the ignition apparatus. Personally, I always renew the high-tension leads every year, and I recommend this course to others. Insulated wire is cheap enough, and renewal gives confidence, besides eliminating a prolific source of trouble and worry. The magneto should receive attention. As a rule, all that will be necessary is to give it a thorough clean down, examine all carbon brushes and renew where necessary. Sometimes the distributor segments will be found

worn, in which case the block should be put in the lathe and the faces turned flush. The contact-breaker should come in for attention, the platinum points being carefully filed flat and the make-and-break adjusted. It is not a bad idea to put in a new spring, if the car has done a big mileage during the year, as the old one may be fatigued and liable to break—generally when there is no spare in the car.

The only other fitting that now needs overhaul is the carburettor. Generally, this will only require a good clean out, as we may assume that it has already been tuned up to suit the engine and the requirements of the owner. This having been done, and the engine reassembled, we can really begin to think that the car is once again in apple-pie mechanical condition, fit to go anywhere and do anything.

On questions of overhauling the coachwork I do not propose to touch. There is really only one method of reconditioning the body, and that is by sending it to a good coach-builder to be repainted and the upholstery made good.

On Petrol Consumption.

If our overhaul has been properly done, we shall find, when we come to use the car again, that we have been amply repaid for our work and trouble. Not only will running be smoother and better, but we should find a marked improvement in the petrol mileage as well. That brings me to a consideration of petrol consumption generally. We often hear of phenomenal mileages per gallon, attained under extraordinary "faked" conditions. I myself have obtained over sixty miles to the gallon on a Morris-Cowley car. On the other hand, I have used on the same car a gallon to cover twenty-three miles—not, of course, with the same carburettor, or anything like the same adjustment. One of the questions most frequently asked is on this subject of fuel mileage. I always think its importance is over-rated, because, when we dissect our motoring expenses, the fuel bill is really a quite small proportion of the whole. Still, people do want to know, and the more they ask the less likely are they to arrive at anything like the truth about what I may call makers' mileages.

In order to be able to advise, I recently suggested to the Zenith Carburettor Company that they should get out a table showing the average mean consumption of cars in all power classes, the data being ascertained over a large number of cars in each class. They have fallen in with the suggestion, and the following are the ascertained results. Over give-and-take roads.



UNDER THE OLD CLOCK AT WEST WYCOMBE: A ROOMY 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CAR LEAVING A NARROW AND LITTLE-KNOWN ROAD, AFTER A VISIT TO THE CHURCH.

under touring conditions, the consumption should be approximately—

7-h.p. car	-	-	50	miles per gallon
10-h.p. car	-	-	38-40	" " "
12-h.p. car	-	-	35	" " "
15-h.p. car	-	-	25-28	" " "
20-h.p. car	-	-	20-22	" " "
30-h.p. car	-	-	17-19	" " "
40-h.p. car	-	-	15-16	" " "

Continued overleaf.

LINCOLN

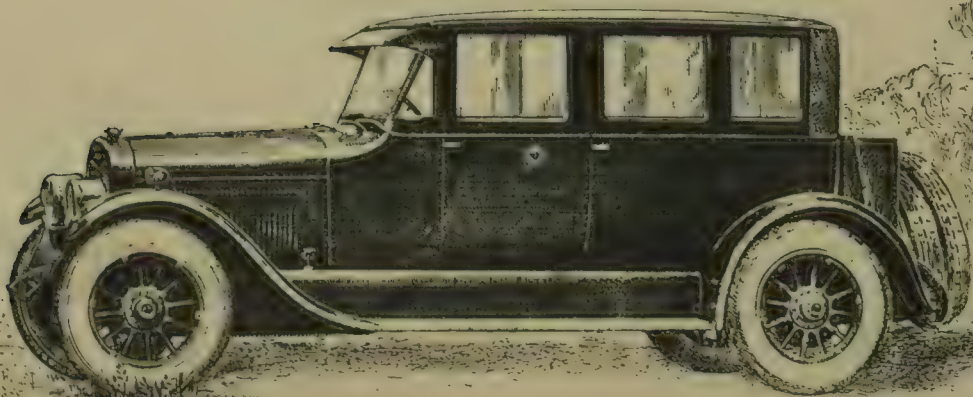
THE Lincoln represents a new high standard in dignity, quality, mechanical perfection and economical running. Its unfailing response to every motoring demand imparts a feeling of the greatest comfort and confidence. It is the embodiment of smooth and luxurious travel.

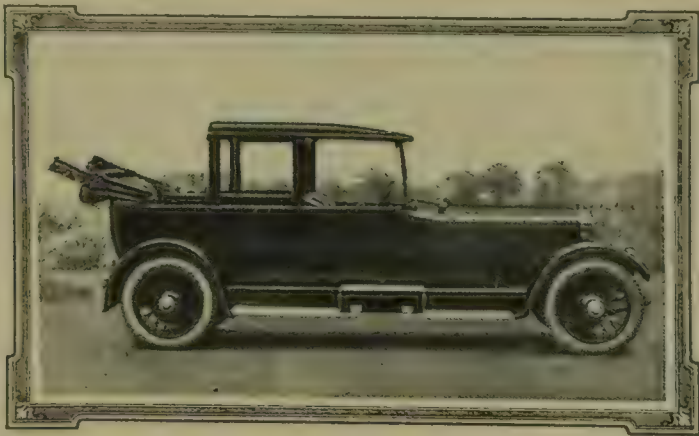
Built in one of the most efficient plants in the world, the Lincoln represents an ideal—to produce a car which for refinement, mechanical excellence and luxury is unrivalled.

Price of Four-seater Sedan, illustrated, is £1,450 at Works, Manchester.

Ask any Authorised Ford Dealer for a demonstration.

FORD MOTOR CO. (England), LTD.,
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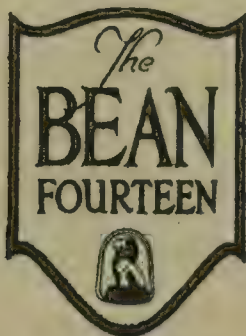


Coachbuilding

IN Coachbuilding, as in Automobile Engineering, the name Lanchester is synonymous with excellence of craftsmanship. All Lanchester bodies are designed and built in the Lanchester Works with the full co-operation of the chassis designers, ensuring perfect harmony of the finished product. The car illustrated above is a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder 7-seat Three-Quarter Landaulette, a particularly commodious type of body, graceful and dignified in appearance and luxuriously comfortable. It is exclusive in its refinements and represents a combination of the Coachbuilder's and Engineer's arts at their best. A comprehensive range of Lanchester Cars are shown in our new illustrated catalogue; will you write for a copy?

Lanchester Cars

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The car into whose every feature quality has been built, will irresistibly impress its value upon its owner. This happy insistence is the lot of all Bean "Fourteen" owners.

Designed with particular consideration of the needs of the owner-driver, the Bean "Fourteen" is a car of full service and high refinement. With sufficient power and chassis capacity for any type of body. It combines an advance in details which constitute it an exception amongst medium-size cars.

Four-wheel brakes and dual ignition are fitted as extras if desired.

The following equipment is standard:—

Five detachable steel wheels with 31 in. x 4 in. Dunlop cord tyres, 12-volt lighting and starting set, grease gun chassis lubrication, full complement of tools, spring gaiters, luggage grid, speedometer with trip recorder, 8-day clock, dash lamp, floor mats, petrol gauge, electric and bulb horns, license holder, screen wiper, dimmer switch, driving mirror, registration number plates, "Calso" hood and side curtains opening with the doors on touring models.

"Fourteen" Five-Seater Tourer - £395

"Fourteen" Four-door Saloon - £325

"Fourteen" Landaulette - £375

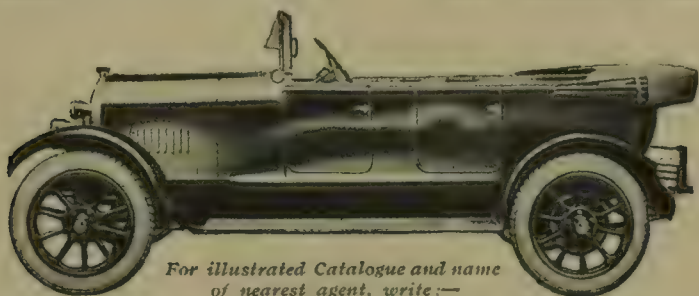
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10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £210. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon, Weymann Body £275. 15 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four/Five-Seater, £300. Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £500. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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H.P.

Ladies like the "Standard."

A LADY likes to own a "Standard" because she knows that whatever company she may be in she will be proud of her car. People know its reputation, its quality, and its complete dependability. And driving a "Standard" is so easy. It means simplicity, ease of control and freedom from all trouble.

Comfiness and ample protection against the weather add zest to the pleasures of the drive. Naturally, ladies like the "Standard."



Registered Trade Mark.

"Count them on the Road."

The All British
Standard

Light Cars: 11 h.p. & 14 h.p.

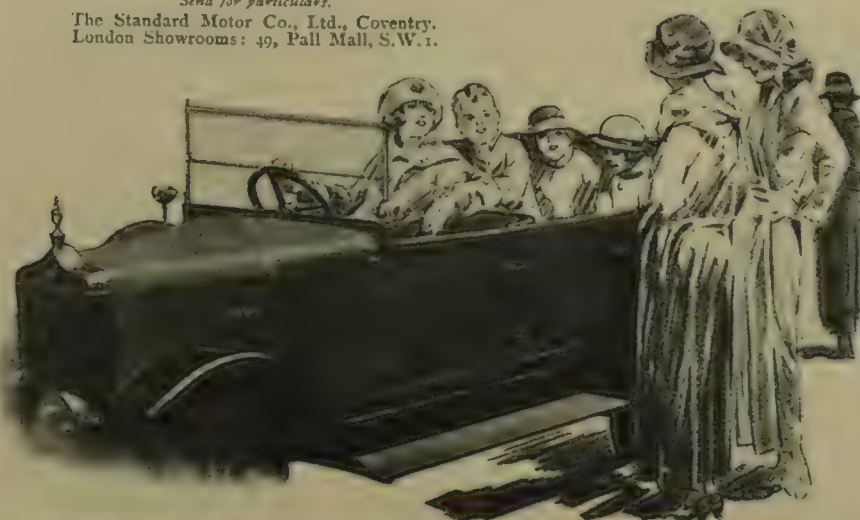
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Send for particulars.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.



Continued

Of course, these figures are not absolute. But they represent the minimum of what cars in the respective classes may be expected to do. In other words, if a car is doing less than the mileage given, there is something the matter, and the owner should set to work to discover what it is.

Buying a New Car.

There will be many just now who either have never owned a car at all and are contemplating the purchase of one, or who, alternatively, are thinking of selling the old well-tried servant in favour of something more modern, and possibly with a little more power than the discarded car. The latter will be in very little difficulty in the matter of choice. They are experienced motorists and car-owners, and will generally have made up their minds about the new love before being off with the old. But the others may often find it no easy matter to select

quite as good as the other; but, generally speaking, there is a nigger in the fence somewhere.

Of course, one does not like to go against the interests of the small firm, struggling, it may be, to make good in the face of want of adequate capital, and unable to follow the example of the bigger concerns which spend thousands of pounds annually in making their cars known to the public through competitions, racing, and advertising. But it is an axiom that they could not continue in this if they were not making good cars and giving good service to their customers after their cars are sold. It is in the latter respect that too many of the small concerns fall short. Their service departments are either non-existent altogether or are woefully lacking in proper organisation. And, believe me, it is better almost to have a second or third-rate car with a real service organisation behind it than one approaching first-rate with no service department, or a bad one, at its back. That is why I always advise the purchase of a car with a name, even though it may cost a little more initially than something relatively unknown. If I were inexperienced in car matters, and were buying, I should make a list of the best-known cars in the power-class I had decided upon, and then go out and buy the highest-priced one I could afford.

Quality Costs Money.

One of the things which I find is often imperfectly



SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR OWNER-DRIVERS: THE 14-40-H.P. FOUR-SEATER VAUXHALL-WYNDHAM SALOON, WITH FIXED-TOP BODY. (PRICE, COMPLETE, £745.)

from the numbers of cars offered, all in the power-class preferred, and most within the same class regarding price. To these the best advice I can give is to avoid the comparatively unknown car, and buy the one whose makers do not hide their light under a bushel. The car of which little is heard may be

realised, even by some quite experienced motorists, is that you cannot buy a first-class car for second-class price. I hear sometimes that such cars as, let us say, the 14-h.p. Vauxhall, the Sunbeam "Fourteen," and the 15-20-h.p. Fiat, to name but a few, are expensive—that they do not seem as good value

for money as others of similar rating but often much lower price. The answer is really to be found on the road. There is a feeling about such cars that you do not get in the cheaper vehicles, good though many



BUILT FOR THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND: A 45-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER RENAULT WITH ENCLOSED-DRIVE CABRIOLET BODY BY KELLNER.

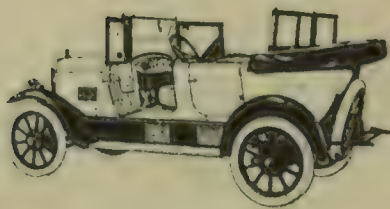
On the near side of the car is seen a spot light, which is a dissolved-acetylene emergency lamp.

of the latter undoubtedly are. You may pay £100 or so more for these cars than you could buy another for, but it is worth the money to have the refinement of running, the feeling of handling a thoroughbred, always provided that the purse will run to the initial outlay. Apart from that, the actual value in material, workmanship, and finish is there. That is why I say, always buy the most expensive car you can afford in its class. It really pays in the end.

Not that there are not wonderfully good cars which are not the most expensive. Indeed, even I sometimes wonder a little whether I ought to take my own advice as I have set it down. There are cars which cost a lot less than some others in their class which give wonderful results on the road. Again keeping to the "fourteens," there are few cars to surpass in performance such vehicles as the Crossley, the Standard, the Bean, and half-a-dozen others. They are "production" models, and do not pretend to the ultra-refinement of those costing a lot more money; but they are wonderfully good



70% of this Car is
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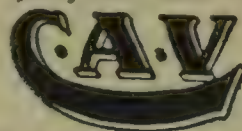
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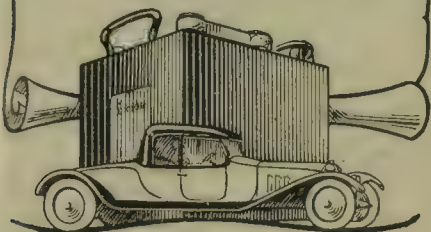
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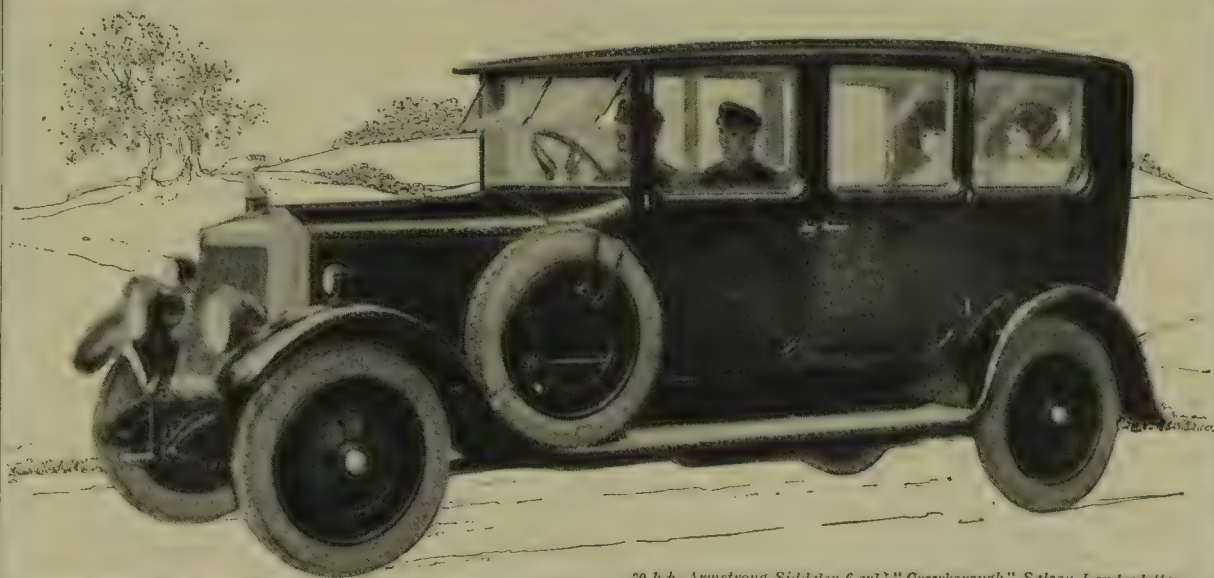
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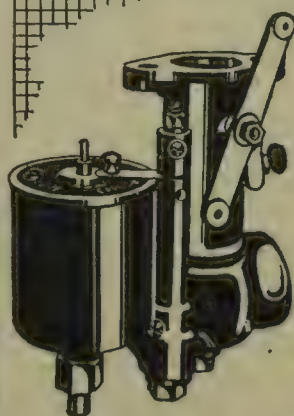
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Continued

cars, and no one could possibly go wrong in making his choice from among them. Of course, it is all a question of means and proportion. I suppose nobody would buy anything but a Rolls-Royce, a Lanchester, a Napier, or one of the really outstandingly excellent cars of that class if he could afford to purchase and run it. I confess I would be well content with a Rolls, and should not look any further, were it not that the limitations of my banking account forbid.

What I have said carries right through all the classes, big and small. Never buy a car whose makers have not the courage to back it, and who are afraid to tell the public about its merits, either through its racing or competitions performances, or through their advertising. I have no axe to grind in saying this—it is just ordinary common sense, and the statement of a commonplace which runs right through all business.

W. W.

In our issue of Feb. 23, one of the eight panels (therein reproduced) painted by art students for the County Hall, but rejected by the L.C.C., was, we regret to find, incorrectly described. The author of the panel in question, Mr. W. Lilev, was stated to be a student of the Royal Academy School, but in reality he is a student of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington.

THE DUAL SOUL OF OUR EPOCH.

(Continued from Page 450.)

of disgust and discouragement which will assail them. There are moments in history when a temporary faintness of the public spirit may produce incalculable consequences. No epoch has been such an easy prey to such moments of faintness as ours, the moral equilibrium of which has been rendered unstable for a century past by the contradictions which we have described, and has now been rendered still more unstable by the repeated shocks of the war. What were the events in Russia and Italy but the effects of a momentary weakness? Twenty-four hours of disgust destroyed constitutional monarchy in Italy, and made a void which the country no longer knows how to fill. Twenty-four hours of despair and rage destroyed an empire in Russia, leaving in its place a mountain of ruins.

Let these examples be a warning to the other countries! The moral contradiction from which the whole of the nineteenth century suffered is about to become acute. It ought to urge the peoples of Europe not to accessions of destructive fury, but to a methodical effort to emerge from the contradiction in which the dual soul of our epoch is plunged. The old Roman doctrine of *ambitio*, *luxuria*, and *avaritia* might still, even after all these centuries, assist them. *Multa renascentur*.

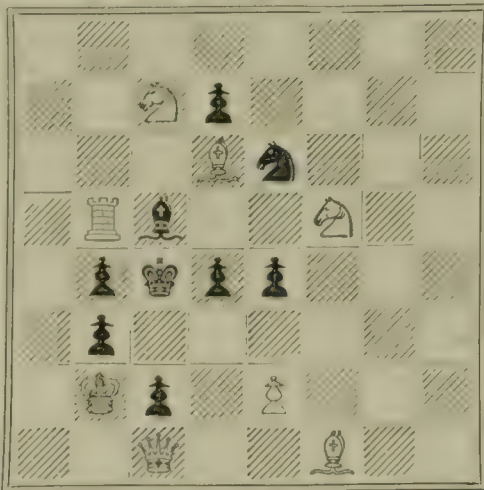
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3919 received from R. W. Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3922 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Field, India); of No. 3924 from J. T. Bunting (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.) and Franz Nidetzky (Vienna); and of No. 3925 from J. T. Falwell (Caterham), L. W. Luck (Southsea), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), M. S. Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), R. P. Nicholson (Crayke), M. E. Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), Hugh Nicholson (Otley), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. P. Pearce (Happisburg), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), S. Caldwell (Hove), A. S. Brown (Paisley), L. W. Cafferata (Farndon), C. B. S. (Canterbury), H. W. Satow (Bangor), A. Edmeston (Worsley), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), J. Hunter (Leicester), C. H. Watson (Masham), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W. N. Powell (Ladbury), H. Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea) and E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3926 received from L. W. Cafferata (Farndon), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), H. W. Satow (Bangor), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), C. B. S. (Canterbury), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. Hunter (Leicester), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), J. C. Kruse (London) and S. Caldwell (Hove).

PROBLEM No. 3927.—By THE REV. NOEL BONAVIA HUNT, M.A.
WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3925.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE

1. Q to Kt sq
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Anything

A problem that almost throws its solution in one's face, too many of White's pieces being so obviously unmovable. Greater opulence in variations also seems called for by the wealth of force employed on both sides.

R. B. N. (Tewkesbury).—You are the only solver who proposes two solutions for No. 3926; but a considerable number have proceeded with your second way of doing it. It is, however, the old trap over again, for if B to Q 5th, the answer is Q to Q B 7th (ch), and no mate follows. As regards the other matter, you did not make a sufficient allowance of time.

F. J. Falwell (Caterham).—You apparently reversed the numbers for which you sent solutions; at any rate, what you gave for No. 3926 solved No. 3925, and what you gave for No. 3925 could only be played on No. 3926. We have therefore given you credit for No. 3925; but you must look again at No. 3926.

W. GRAHAM (Jersey).—What happens if Black plays Q to K 5th (ch) in your answer to No. 3926?

H. NICHOLSON (Otley).—We cannot see where mate follows, if, after 1. Q to Kt 4th, any move of Black's Bishop is made in reply.

F. ENTWISTLE (Edgworth).—Surely 2. — Kt takes R stops the mate you propose? Always suspect a solution which begins with a check.

R. S. PATRICK (Chipurupalle, India).—You are another of the many victims of No. 3921. You have overlooked Black's reply of Q to B 2nd (ch).

G. DARRURY (Singapore).—But why not 1. — Q takes R?—after which there is no mate next move.

REV. W. SCOTT (Elgin).—The correct form is Kt takes Q B P.

J. T. BUNTING (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.).—We are sorry for the error to which you call attention, and have—as you see—made the necessary correction. The other matter was so obvious that we did not need your second letter. The problem deserves all the praise you give it.

C. R. B. SUMNER (Twynford School).—Thanks for further contribution. We hope to publish your other problem shortly.

L. F. CAFFERATA.—Thanks for amended position. It certainly seems an improvement, but we will examine it carefully later on.

J. W. RUSSELL (City of London Chess Club).—Thanks for your kind and very welcome contribution.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. E. MACDONALD and J. H. BLAKE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt takes B P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Making the best of his misfortune. A piece must go; but two Pawns are exacted as its price.	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. P takes Kt	Kt takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. P takes Kt	P takes P
5. Castles	B to B 4th	20. P takes P	Q takes P
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. R to K 4th	Q to B 3rd
7. P to B 3rd	B to R 2nd	22. Q to Q 3rd	
8. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	A powerful attack now begins which is energetically pressed to the end.	
9. B to B 2nd	Castles	22. Q to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
10. R to K sq	Kt to K 2nd	23. Q R to K sq	P to Q 4th
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	24. R (K 4) to K 2	P to Q B 4th
12. Kt to B sq	Kt to R 4th	25. P takes P	B takes P (ch)
The opening so far is strongly reminiscent of Steinitz; but with the text move, a more exciting phase of the game is introduced. B to Kt 5th suggests itself as safer.			
13. P to Q 4th		26. Kt to Q 4th	K R to B sq
If White attempts to gain a Pawn by 13. Kt takes P, there follows 13. — B takes B; 14. R takes B, Kt takes Kt; 15. Q takes Kt, B to Kt 5th, and wins.			
13. —	Kt (R 4) to B 5	27. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 2nd
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	28. R (K 2) to B 2	R to R 2nd
15. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt	29. K to R sq	Q R to B 2nd
Black has suddenly fallen into difficulties. His Queen is dangerously posted, and his Kt cannot be extricated without increasing her perils. If now, 15. — Kt to K 3rd; 16. P to Q 5th; and either the Kt or Q is lost.			
16. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd	30. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd
Because if R takes R; 41. Q to R 6th (ch) wins the Rook.			



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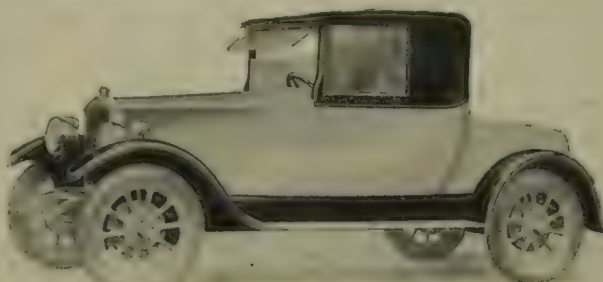
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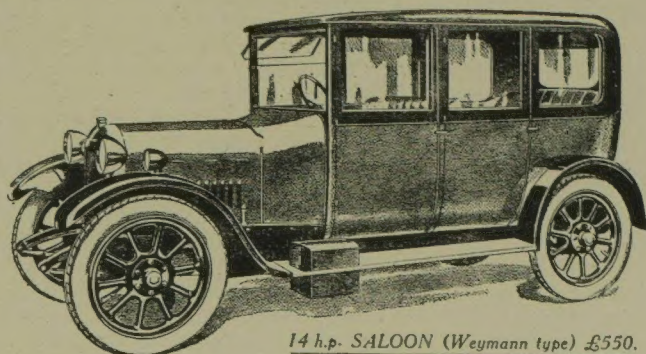
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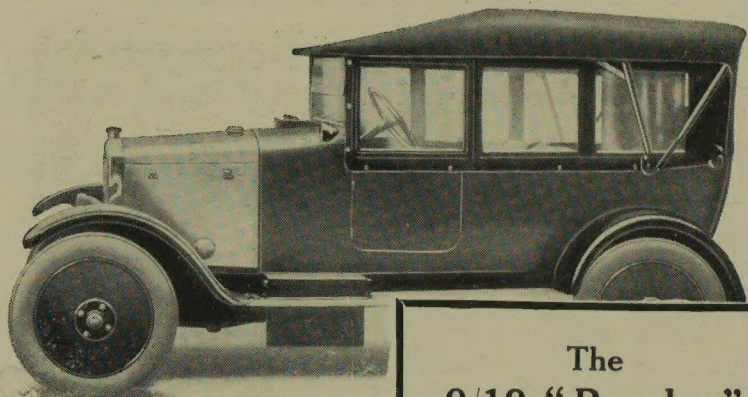
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FOREST," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THERE are references in the new Galsworthy play, "The Forest," to a coming Boer War and Belgium's dealings with Congo natives—which suggest that in some form or another this is early work of the author; but, whether that is so or not, the two distinct strands of its plot are none too lucidly expounded or happily interwoven. Embedded in the structure and constituting the central two acts is a tragedy of adventure, a harrowing tale of explorers finding themselves trapped in a primeval African forest. We see this small party of white men doubtful of their way, attacked by malaria, threatened with the desertion of their native carriers, nerve-racked by the calls of unseen enemies, and refused guidance to safe territory in their moment of extremity. Soon it is evident that they are doomed; a sick man has to be left behind; a black woman attached to one of the party takes a dislike to its leader, and there comes a moment when the last bullet has been fired and the native trackers with their poisoned arrows can kill off the defenceless whites. That is the interior story of the play, poignant certainly, if desperately

depressing; but it has the air of being only half told, of being shown, as it were, in cinema flashes, with motives and characters insufficiently revealed. The same fault affects the other half of the play, which is placed in a City office and pictures financiers using the explorers as pawns of speculation, and turning—in one case at least—their mistakes and failure to the account of personal profit. To some extent Mr. Galsworthy individualises the members of his City group—"humanitarian" politicians, semi-idealists, and sharks—but in all too hurried a way. You can perceive his propagandist purpose; you appreciate the stroke of irony by which the wilfulness of the leading explorer, in following the lure of diamonds instead of his professed anti-slavery project, so fateful to his party, is made to enrich a rogue. But the details of this City business are too complicated to be intelligible or effective on the stage. There is some splendid acting. Excellent are the masterful leader of Mr. Leslie Banks, and other impersonations supplied by Mr. John Howells, Mr. Ian Hunter, Mr. Hignett, and Mr. Campbell Gullan. In the City scenes Mr. Franklyn Dyall makes a flamboyant villain; while Mr. J. H. Roberts, as this rogue's clerk, gives an admirable little thumbnail sketch. And as a revenge-

ful native woman—the one female in the cast—Miss Hermione Baddeley strikes a note of intensity surprising in so young though clever an actress.

MISS GLADYS COOPER IN "DIPLOMACY."

Eleven years or so ago, when Miss Cooper and Mr. Owen Nares were very nearly at the beginning of their careers, they acted together at Wyndham's in a revival of "Diplomacy" which had a record run; and they acted surprisingly well, to the discomfiture of those greybeards who, remembering Forbes Robertson and Kate Rorke, shook their heads over the experiment of engaging these young players for the sentimental rôles as a piece of audacity. It is pleasant to see them once more together in the latest revival of Sardou's piece at the Adelphi, and displaying as much forcefulness as ever along with a steadier technique. How the play will fare in these days it will be interesting to see. Its spy theme is scarcely a novelty for post-war audiences. Yet there are chances for acting still, as Mr. Nares and Miss Cooper prove, and as is evident also from the zest with which Lady Tree, Mr. Norman Forbes, Miss Irene Browne, and Mr. Dawson Milward tackle parts associated with famous names in theatrical history.

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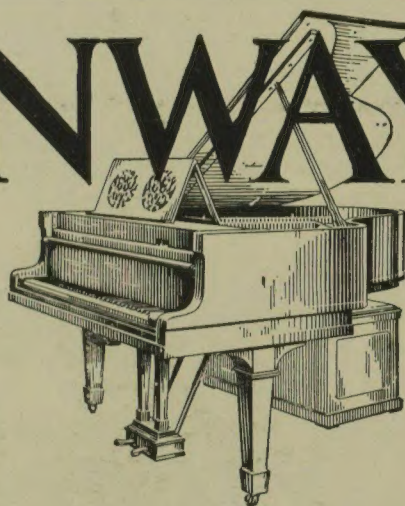
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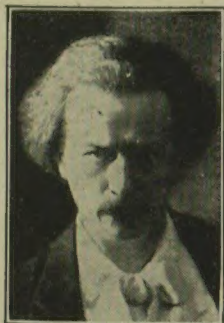
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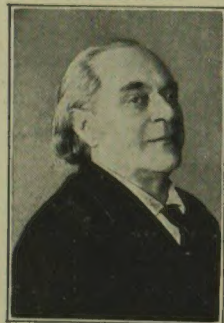
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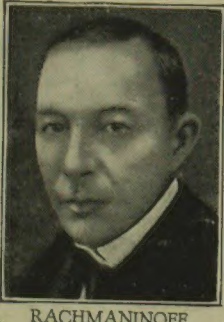
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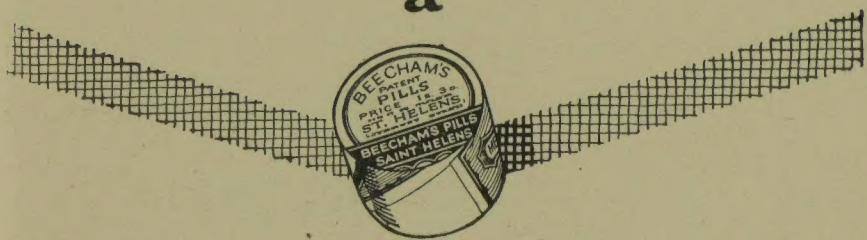
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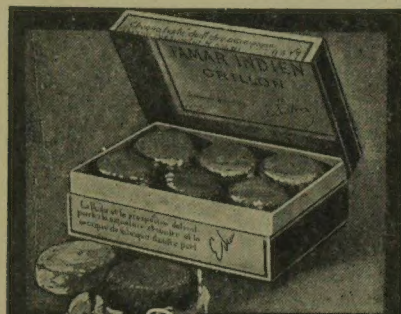


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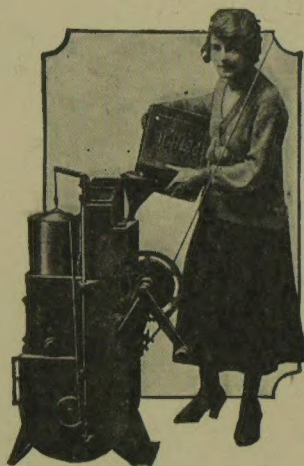
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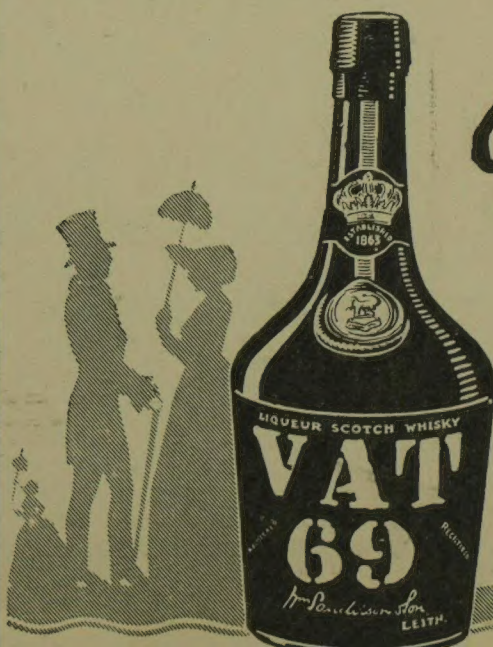
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